MEN'S SONGS

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Men's Songs

No. 1

A COLLECTION OF
SACRED SONGS FOR MALE VOICES

EDITED BY
F. S. SHEPARD

LORENZ & CO.,
DAYTON, - - - OHIO.

Price, cloth, 40 cents, postpaid; 12 copies, $4.20, not prepaid.

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PREFACE

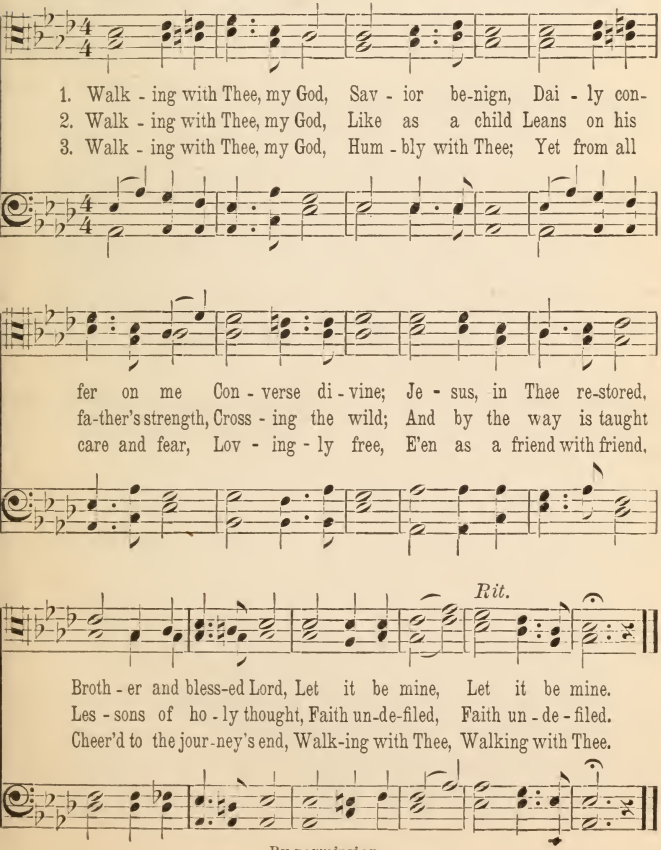
As in the days of the temple worship, men were chosen to "minister with singing," so ever since, the service of praise by men's voices has been greatly owned of Him who hath said, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me." It is with the hope that "MEN'S SONGS" may be found acceptable and helpful for this purpose that this collection has been made.

F. S. Shepard.

Men's Songs.

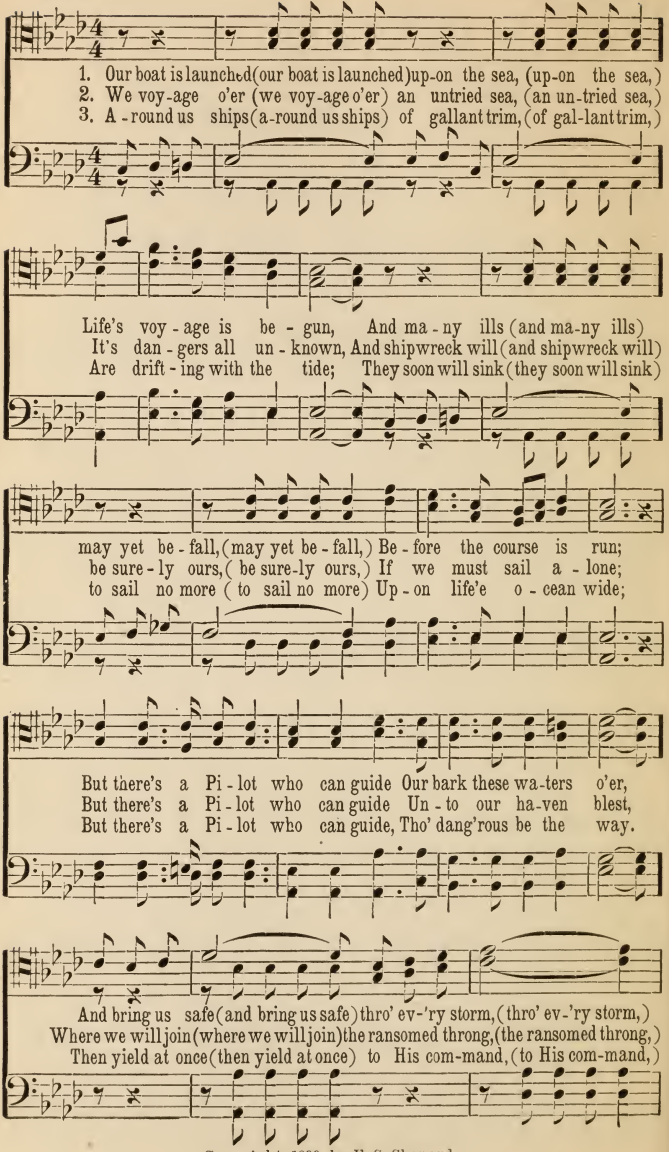
No. 1. Walking With Thee.

GEORGE RAWSON. W. H. PONTIUS.


1. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Sav - ior be-nign, Dai - ly con-
2. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Like as a child Leans on his
3. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Hum - bly with Thee; Yet from all
fer on me Con - verse di - vine; Je - sus, in Thee re-stored,
fa-ther's strength, Cross - ing the wild; And by the way is taught
care and fear, Lov - ing - ly free, E'en as a friend with friend,
Rit.
Broth - er and bless-ed Lord, Let it be mine, Let it be mine.
Les - sons of ho - ly thought, Faith un-de-filed, Faith un - de - filed.
Cheer'd to the jour-ney's end, Walk-ing with Thee, Walking with Thee.

By permission.

No. 2. There's a Pilot.

F. S. S. F. S. Shepard.

1. Our boat is launched (our boat is launched) up-on the sea, (up-on the sea,)
2. We voy-age o'er (we voy-age o'er) an untried sea, (an un-tried sea,)
3. A-round us ships (a-round us ships) of gallant trim, (of gal-lant trim,)
Life's voy-age is be-gun, And ma-ny ills (and ma-ny ills)
It's dan-gers all un-known, And shipwreck will (and shipwreck will)
Are drift-ing with the tide; They soon will sink (they soon will sink)
may yet be-fall, (may yet be-fall,) Be-fore the course is run;
be sure-ly ours, (be sure-ly ours,) If we must sail a-lone;
to sail no more (to sail no more) Up-on life'e o-cean wide;
But there's a Pi-lot who can guide Our bark these wa-ters o'er,
But there's a Pi-lot who can guide Un-to our ha-ven blest,
But there's a Pi-lot who can guide, Tho' dang'rous be the way.
And bring us safe (and bring us safe) thro' ev-'ry storm, (thro' ev-'ry storm,)
Where we will join (where we will join) the ransomed throng, (the ransomed throng,)
Then yield at once (then yield at once) to His com-mand, (to His com-mand,)

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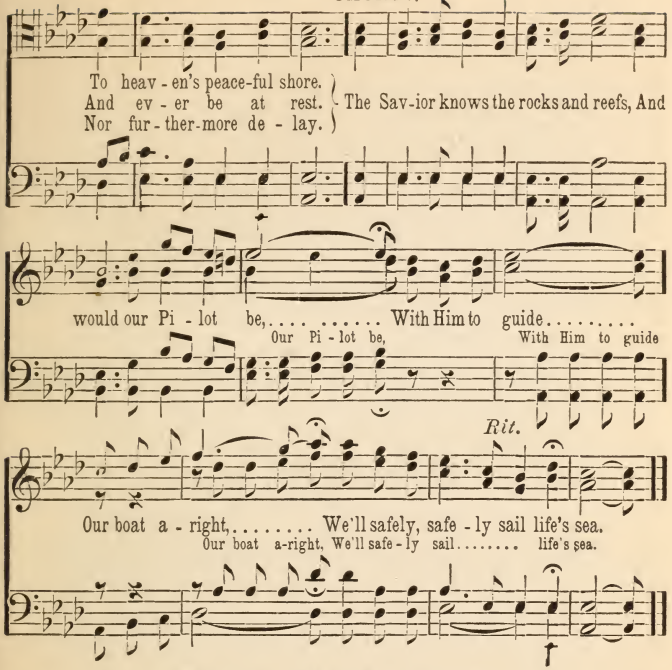
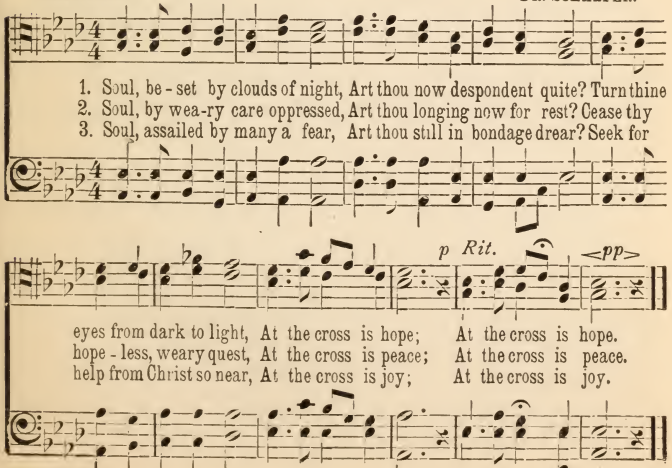
There's a Pilot.

CHORUS.

To heav - en's peace-ful shore.
And ev - er be at rest.
Nor fur - ther-more de - lay.
The Sav-ior knows the rocks and reefs, And
would our Pi - lot be, ... With Him to guide . . . . .
Our Pi - lot be,
With Him to guide
Rit.
Our boat a - right, ... We'll safely, safe - ly sail life's sea.
Our boat a-right, We'll safe - ly sail . . . . . life's sea.

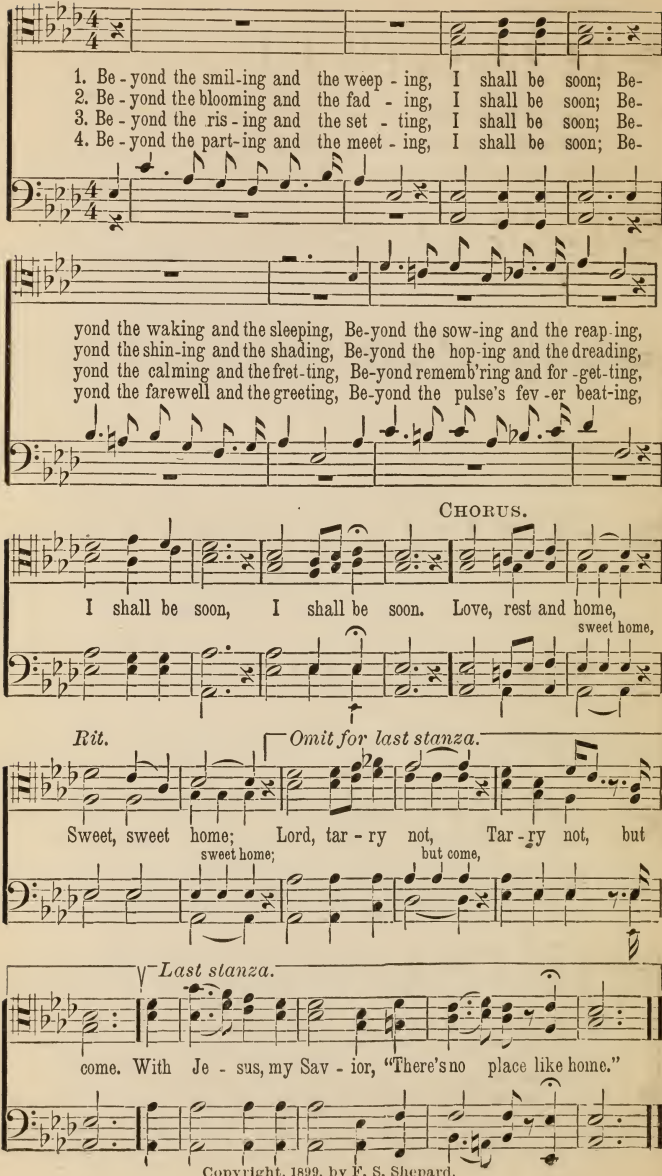
No. 3. At the Cross.

FRED SCOTT. FR. SCHAEFER.


1. Soul, be - set by clouds of night, Art thou now despondent quite? Turn thine
2. Soul, by wea-ry care oppressed, Art thou longing now for rest? Cease thy
3. Soul, assailed by many a fear, Art thou still in bondage drear? Seek for
p Rit.
<pp>
eyes from dark to light, At the cross is hope; At the cross is hope.
hope - less, weary quest, At the cross is peace; At the cross is peace.
help from Christ so near, At the cross is joy; At the cross is joy.

No. 4. Love, Rest and Home.

Dr. Bonar. F. S. Shepard.


1. Be - yond the smil-ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be-
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon; Be-
3. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon; Be-
4. Be - yond the part-ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon; Be-
yond the waking and the sleeping, Be-yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing,
yond the shin-ing and the shading, Be-yond the hop-ing and the dreading,
yond the calming and the fret-ting, Be-yond rememb'ring and for-get-ting,
yond the farewell and the greeting, Be-yond the pulse's fev-er beat-ing,
Chorus.
I shall be soon, I shall be soon. Love, rest and home,
sweet home,
Rit.
Omit for last stanza.
Sweet, sweet home; Lord, tar - ry not, Tar - ry not, but
sweet home;
but come,
Last stanza.
come. With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, "There's no place like home."

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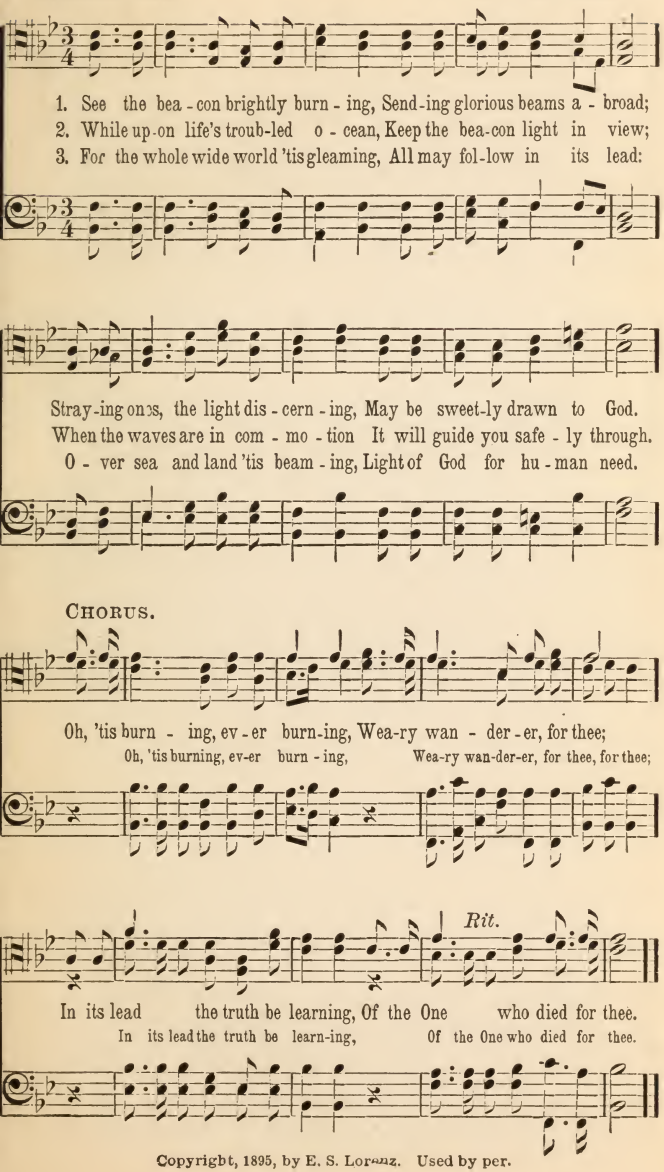
No. 5. The Beacon Light.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. See the bea - con brightly burn - ing, Send-ing glorious beams a - broad;
2. While up-on life's troub-led o - cean, Keep the bea-con light in view;
3. For the whole wide world 'tis gleaming, All may fol-low in its lead:
Stray-ing ones, the light dis - cern - ing, May be sweet-ly drawn to God.
When the waves are in com - mo - tion It will guide you safe - ly through.
O - ver sea and land 'tis beam - ing, Light of God for hu - man need.
CHORUS.
Oh, 'tis burn - ing, ev - er burn-ing, Wea-ry wan - der - er, for thee;
Oh, 'tis burning, ev-er burn - ing, Wea-ry wan-der-er, for thee, for thee;
Rit.
In its lead the truth be learning, Of the One who died for thee.
In its lead the truth be learn-ing, Of the One who died for thee.

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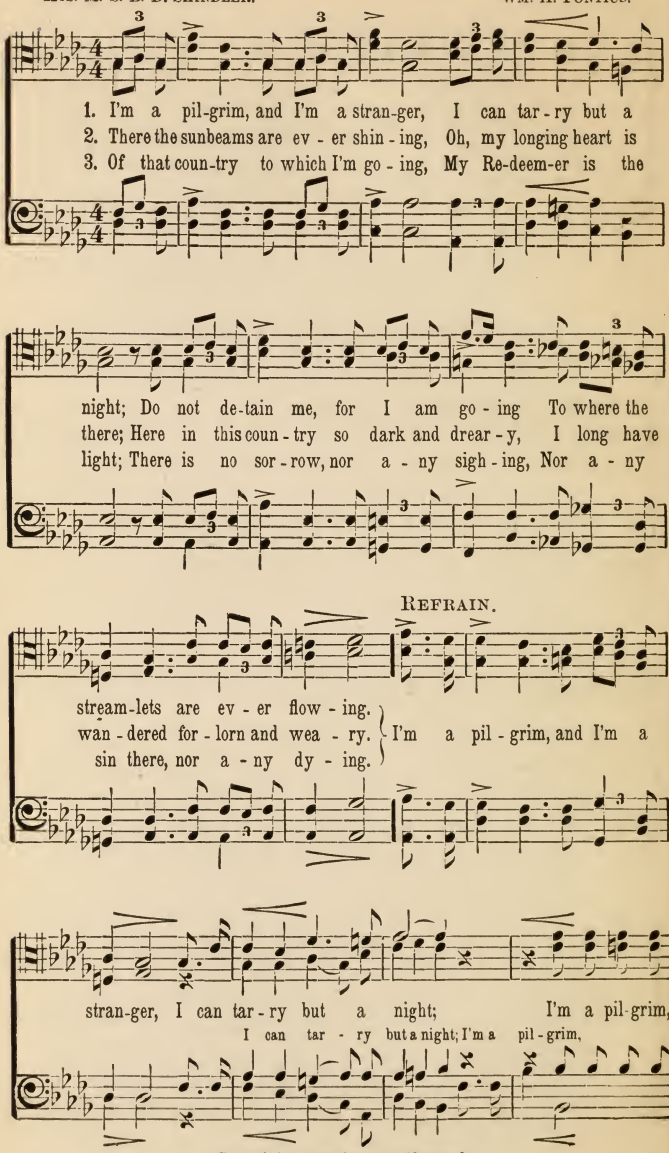
No. 6. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. D. Shindler. Wm. H. Pontius.


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry but a
2. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, Oh, my longing heart is
3. Of that coun-try to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deem-er is the
night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
there; Here in this coun-try so dark and drear-y, I long have
light; There is no sor-row, nor a-ny sigh-ing, Nor a-ny
Refrain.
stream-lets are ev-er flow-ing.
wan-dered for-lorn and wea-ry.
sin there, nor a-ny dy-ing.
I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
stran-ger, I can tar-ry but a night;
I'm a pil-grim,
I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim,

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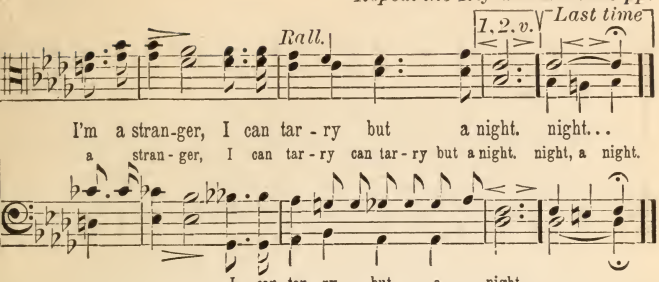
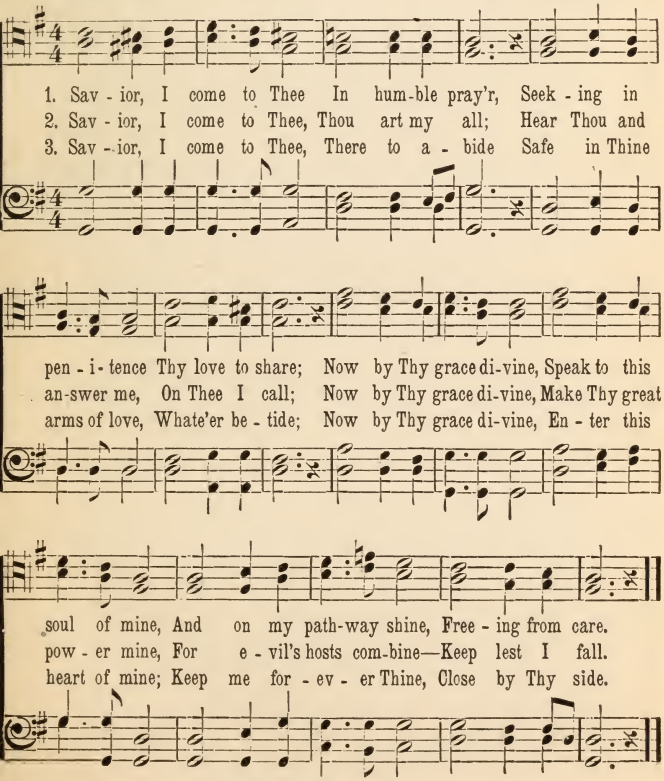
I'm a Pilgrim.

Repeat the Refrain last time pp.


Rall.
1. 2. v.
Last time
I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry but a night. night...
a stran-ger, I can tar-ry can tar-ry but a night. night, a night.
I can tar-ry but a night.

No. 7. Savior, I Come.

F. S. SHEPARD. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. Sav-ior, I come to Thee In hum-ble pray'r, Seek-ing in
2. Sav-ior, I come to Thee, Thou art my all; Hear Thou and
3. Sav-ior, I come to Thee, There to a-bide Safe in Thine
pen-i-tence Thy love to share; Now by Thy grace di-vine, Speak to this
an-swer me, On Thee I call; Now by Thy grace di-vine, Make Thy great
arms of love, Whate'er be-tide; Now by Thy grace di-vine, En-ter this
soul of mine, And on my path-way shine, Free-ing from care.
pow-er mine, For e-vil's hosts com-bine—Keep lest I fall.
heart of mine; Keep me for-ev-er Thine, Close by Thy side.

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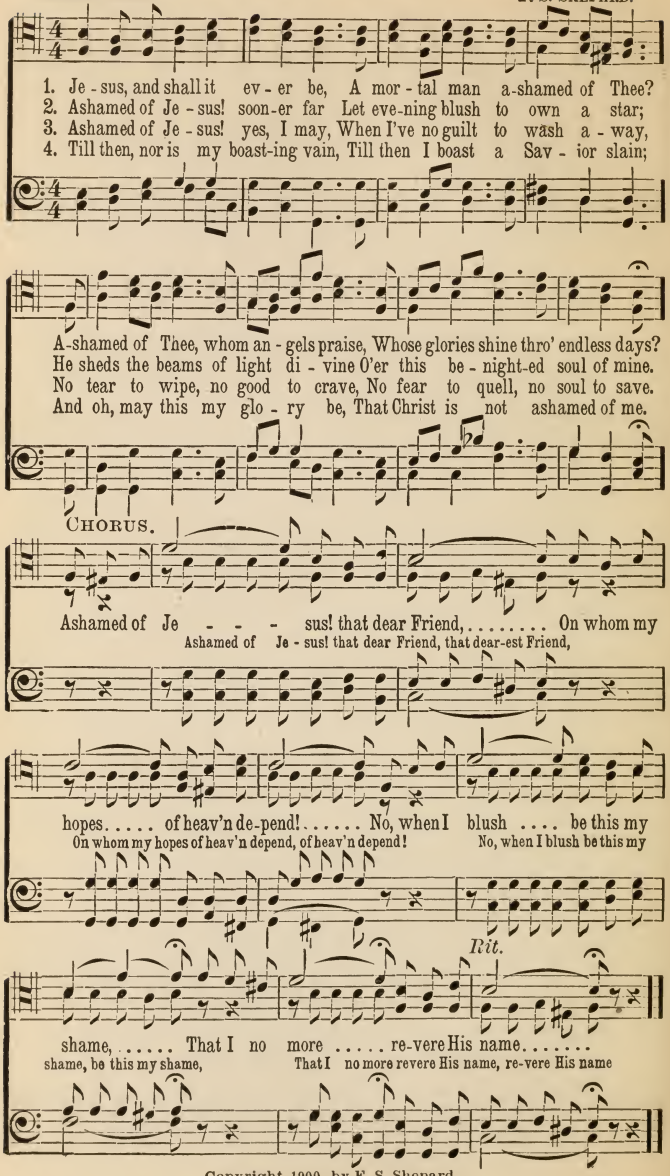
No. 8. Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star;
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
4. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;
A-shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night-ed soul of mine.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
And oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.
CHORUS.
Ashamed of Je - - - sus! that dear Friend, ... On whom my
Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, that dear-est Friend,
hopes. . . . . of heav'n de-pend! . . . . . No, when I blush . . . . be this my
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend, of heav'n depend!
No, when I blush be this my
Rit.
shame, ... That I no more . . . . . re-vere His name. . . . . .
shame, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name, re-vere His name

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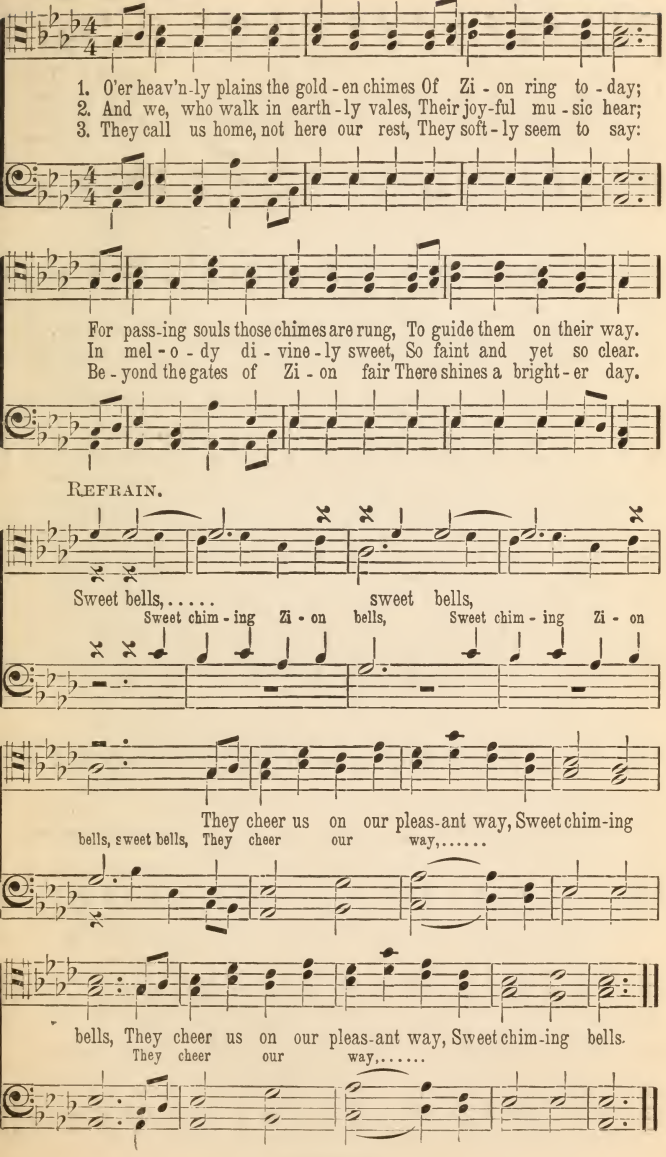
No. 9. Sweet Zion Bells.

MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. O'er heav'n-ly plains the gold-en chimes Of Zi-on ring to-day;
2. And we, who walk in earth-ly vales, Their joy-ful mu-sic hear;
3. They call us home, not here our rest, They soft-ly seem to say:
For pass-ing souls those chimes are rung, To guide them on their way.
In mel-o-dy di-vine-ly sweet, So faint and yet so clear.
Be-yond the gates of Zi-on fair There shines a bright-er day.
REFRAIN.
Sweet bells,..... sweet bells,
Sweet chim-ing Zi-on bells, Sweet chim-ing Zi-on
They cheer us on our pleas-ant way, Sweet chim-ing
bells, sweet bells, They cheer our way,.....
bells, They cheer us on our pleas-ant way, Sweet chim-ing bells.
They cheer our way,.....

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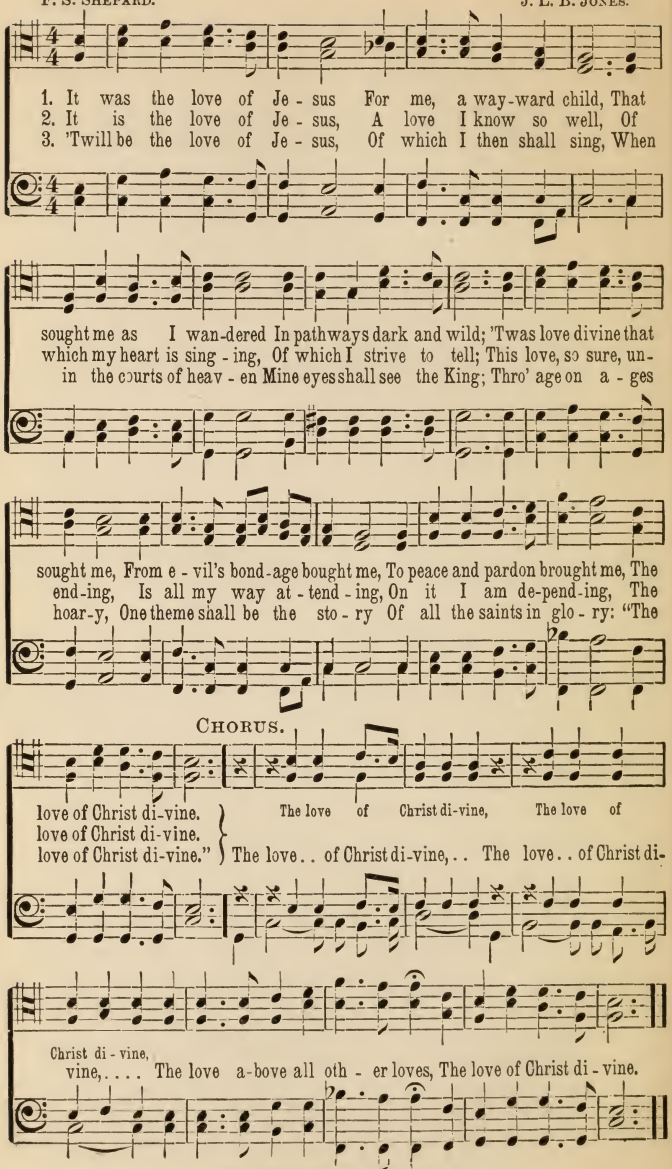
No. 10. The Love of Christ Divine.

F. S. Shepard. J. L. B. Jones.


1. It was the love of Je - sus For me, a way-ward child, That
2. It is the love of Je - sus, A love I know so well, Of
3. 'Twill be the love of Je - sus, Of which I then shall sing, When
sought me as I wan-dered In pathways dark and wild; 'Twas love divine that
which my heart is sing - ing, Of which I strive to tell; This love, so sure, un-
in the courts of heav - en Mine eyes shall see the King; Thro' age on a - ges
sought me, From e - vil's bond-age bought me, To peace and pardon brought me, The
end-ing, Is all my way at - tend - ing, On it I am de-pend-ing, The
hoar-y, One theme shall be the sto - ry Of all the saints in glo - ry: "The
Chorus.
love of Christ di-vine.
love of Christ di-vine.
love of Christ di-vine."
The love of Christ di-vine, The love of
The love.. of Christ di-vine,.. The love.. of Christ di-
Christ di - vine,
vine,.... The love a-bove all oth - er loves, The love of Christ di - vine.

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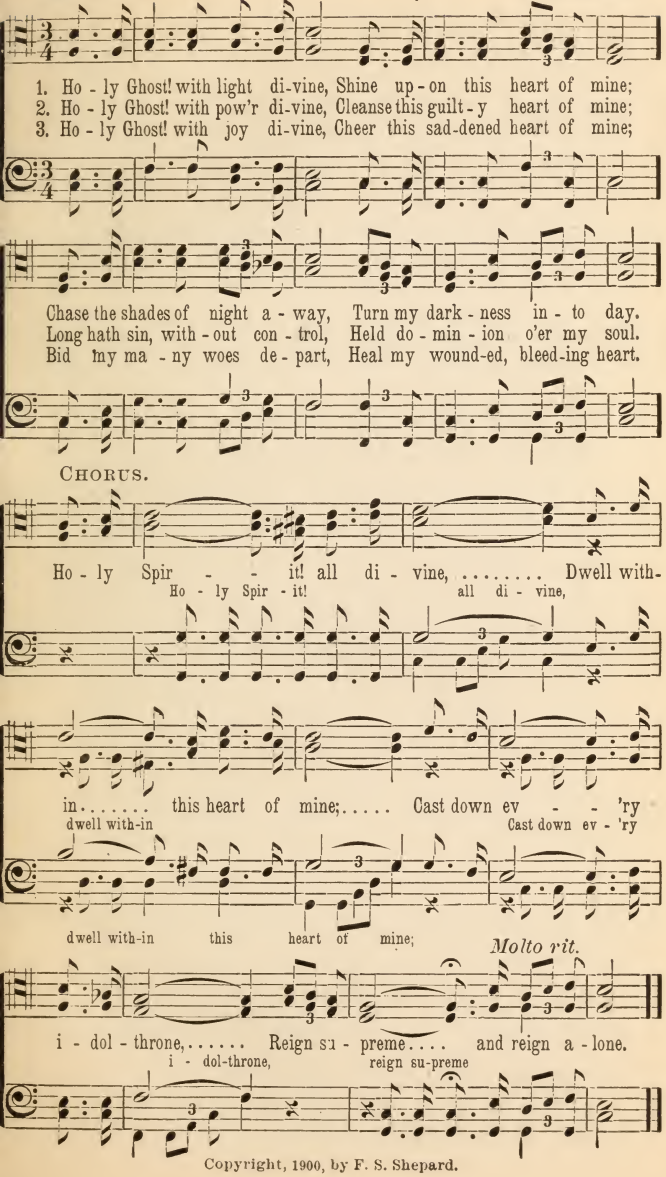
No. 11. Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.

ANDREW REED. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma-ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
CHORUS.
Ho - ly Spir - - it! all di - vine, ... Dwell with-
Ho - ly Spir - it! all di - vine,
in..... this heart of mine;..... Cast down ev - - 'ry
dwell with-in Cast down ev - 'ry
dwell with-in this heart of mine;
Molto rit.
i - dol - throne,..... Reign su - preme.... and reign a - lone.
i - dol-throne, reign su-preme

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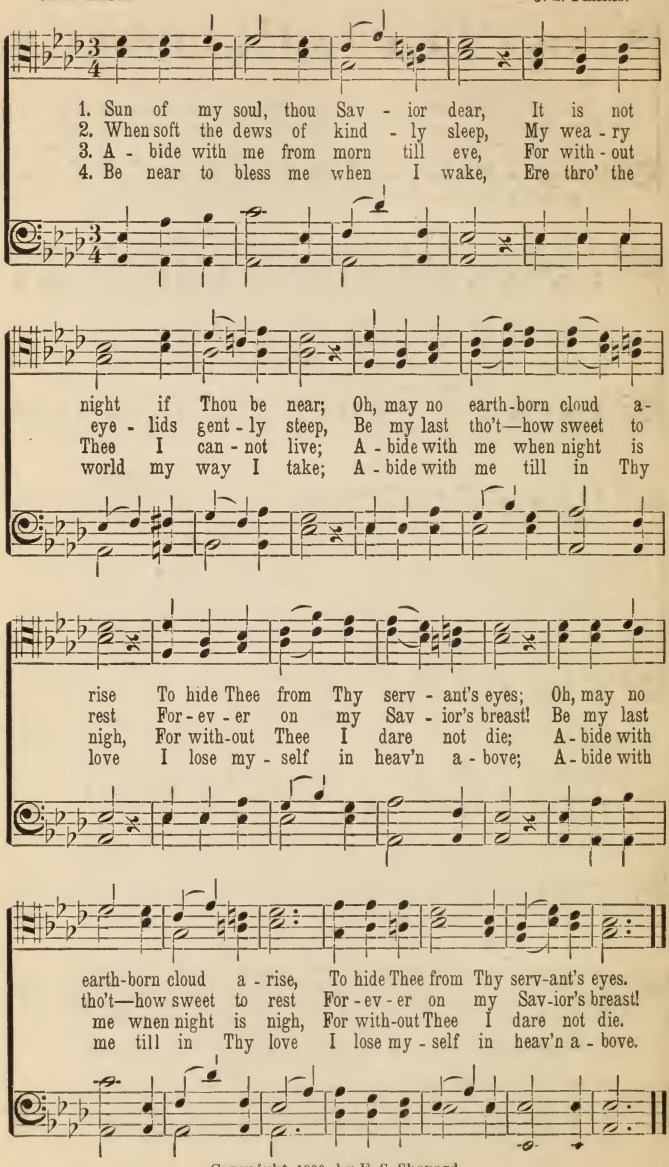
No. 12. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea - ry
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the
night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-
eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last tho't—how sweet to
Thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when night is
world my way I take; A - bide with me till in Thy
rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes; Oh, may no
rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast! Be my last
nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die; A - bide with
love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove; A - bide with
earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
tho't—how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast!
me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

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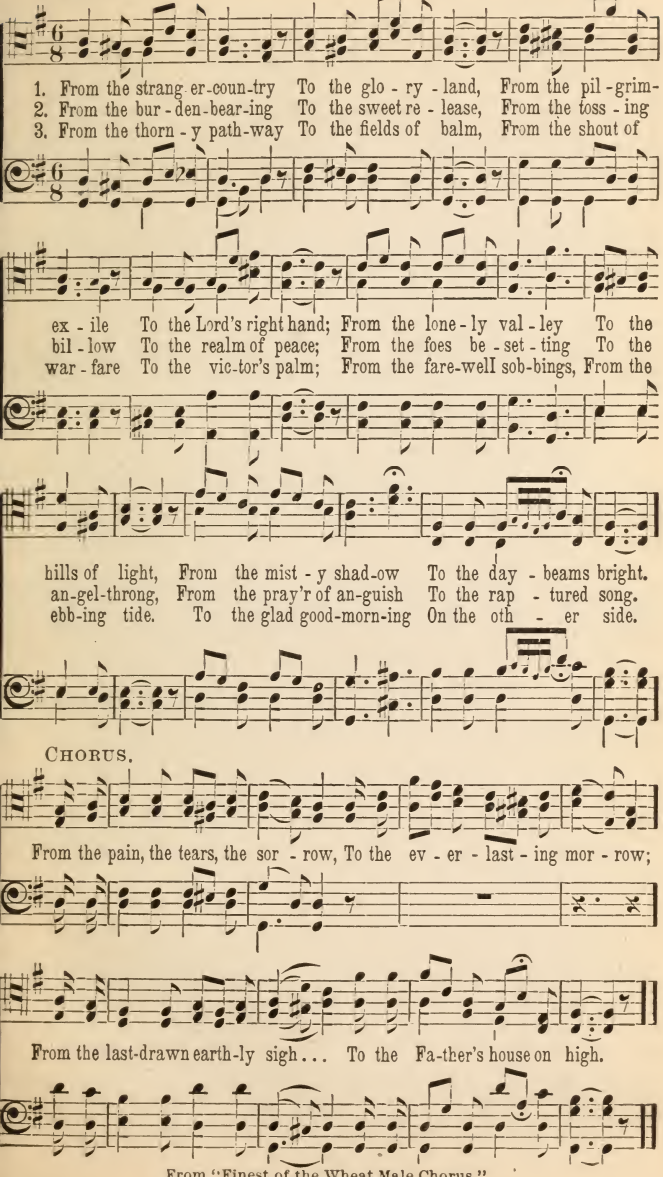
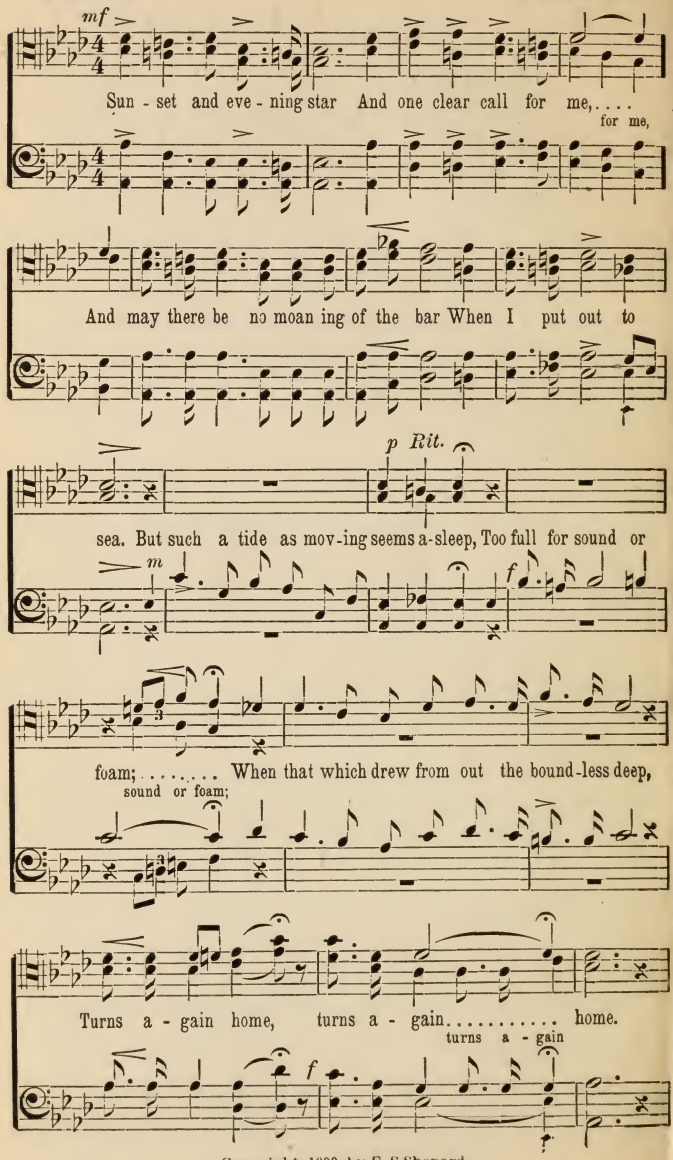
No. 13. From the Stranger-Country.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

1. From the strang-er-coun-try To the glo-ry-land, From the pil-grim-
2. From the bur-den-bear-ing To the sweet re-lease, From the toss-ing
3. From the thorn-y path-way To the fields of balm, From the shout of
ex-ile To the Lord's right hand; From the lone-ly val-ley To the
bil-low To the realm of peace; From the foes be-set-ting To the
war-fare To the vic-tor's palm; From the fare-well sob-bings, From the
hills of light, From the mist-y shad-ow To the day-beams bright.
an-gel-throng, From the pray'r of an-guish To the rap-tured song.
ebb-ing tide. To the glad good-morn-ing On the oth-er side.
Chorus.
From the pain, the tears, the sor-row, To the ev-er-last-ing mor-row;
From the last-drawn earth-ly sigh... To the Fa-ther's house on high.

From "Finest of the Wheat Male Chorus."

No. 14. Crossing the Bar.

A. TENNYSON. F. S. SHEPARD.


mf
Sun - set and eve - ning star And one clear call for me,....
for me,
And may there be no moan ing of the bar When I put out to
p Rit.
sea. But such a tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too full for sound or
m
f
foam; ..... When that which drew from out the bound-less deep,
sound or foam;
Turns a - gain home, turns a - gain..... home.
turns a - gain
f

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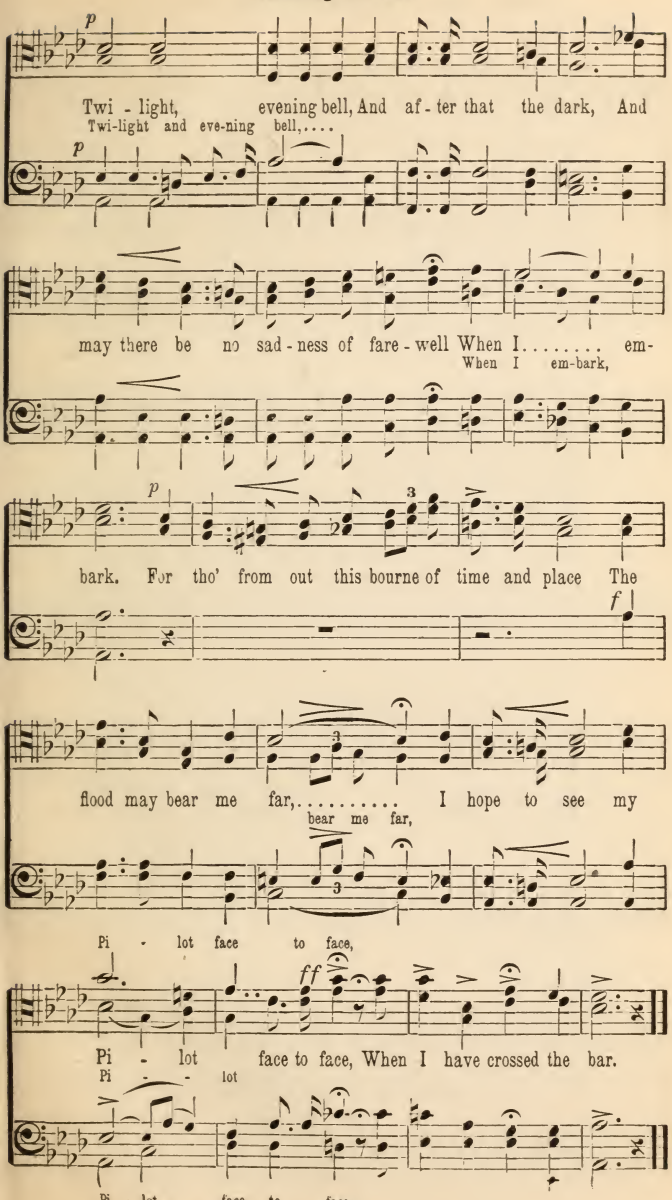
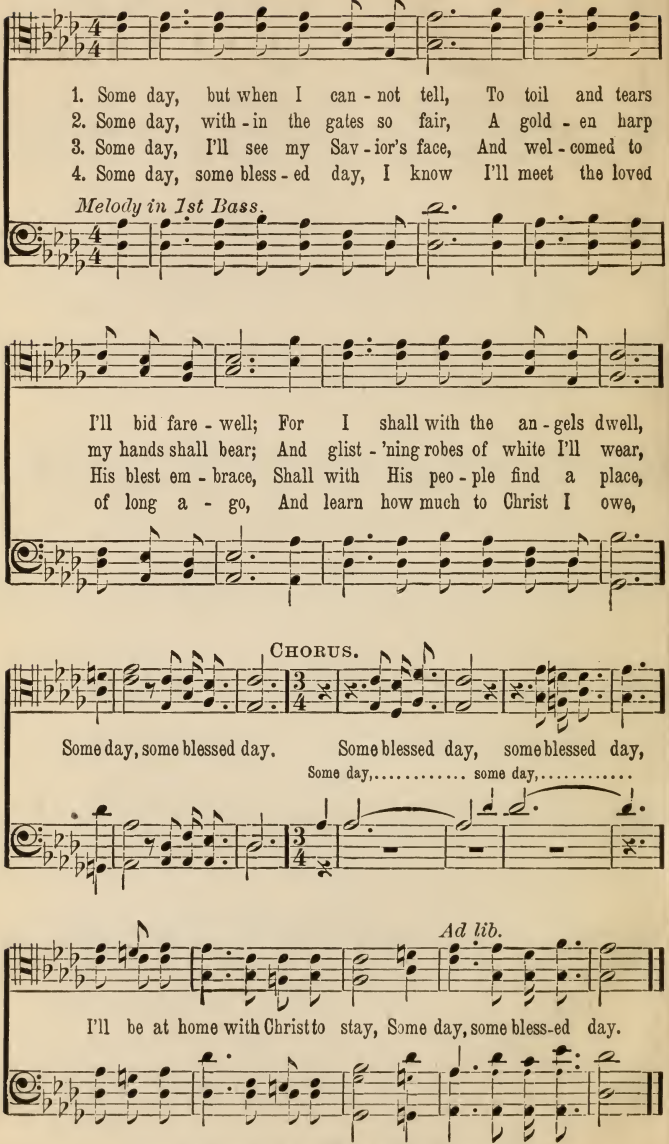
Crossing the Bar.

p
Twi - light, evening bell, And af - ter that the dark, And
Twi-light and eve-ning bell,....
p
may there be no sad - ness of fare - well When I..... em-
When I em-bark,
p
3
bark. For tho' from out this bourne of time and place The
f
3
flood may bear me far,..... I hope to see my
bear me far,
3
Pi - lot face to face,
ff
Pi - lot face to face, When I have crossed the bar.
Pi - - lot
Pi - lot face to face,

No. 15. Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Some day, but when I can - not tell, To toil and tears
2. Some day, with - in the gates so fair, A gold - en harp
3. Some day, I'll see my Sav - ior's face, And wel - comed to
4. Some day, some bless - ed day, I know I'll meet the loved
Melody in 1st Bass.
I'll bid fare - well; For I shall with the an - gels dwell,
my hands shall bear; And glist - 'ning robes of white I'll wear,
His blest em - brace, Shall with His peo - ple find a place,
of long a - go, And learn how much to Christ I owe,
Chorus.
Some day, some blessed day. Some blessed day, some blessed day,
Some day,..... some day,.....
Ad lib.
I'll be at home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

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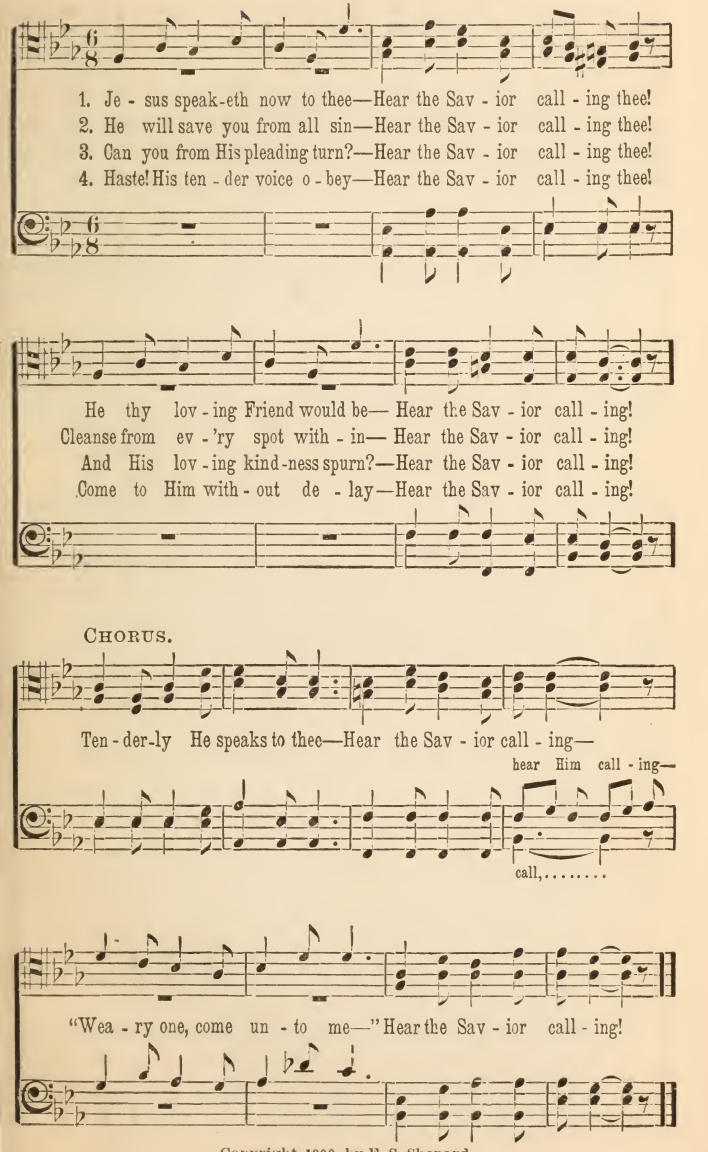
No. 16. Hear the Savior Calling.

F. S. SHEPARD. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Je - sus speak-eth now to thee—Hear the Sav - ior call - ing thee!
2. He will save you from all sin—Hear the Sav - ior call - ing thee!
3. Can you from His pleading turn?—Hear the Sav - ior call - ing thee!
4. Haste! His ten - der voice o - bey—Hear the Sav - ior call - ing thee!
He thy lov - ing Friend would be— Hear the Sav - ior call - ing!
Cleanse from ev - 'ry spot with - in— Hear the Sav - ior call - ing!
And His lov - ing kind - ness spurn?—Hear the Sav - ior call - ing!
Come to Him with - out de - lay—Hear the Sav - ior call - ing!
CHORUS.
Ten - der - ly He speaks to thee—Hear the Sav - ior call - ing—
hear Him call - ing—
call, ...
"Wea - ry one, come un - to me—" Hear the Sav - ior call - ing!

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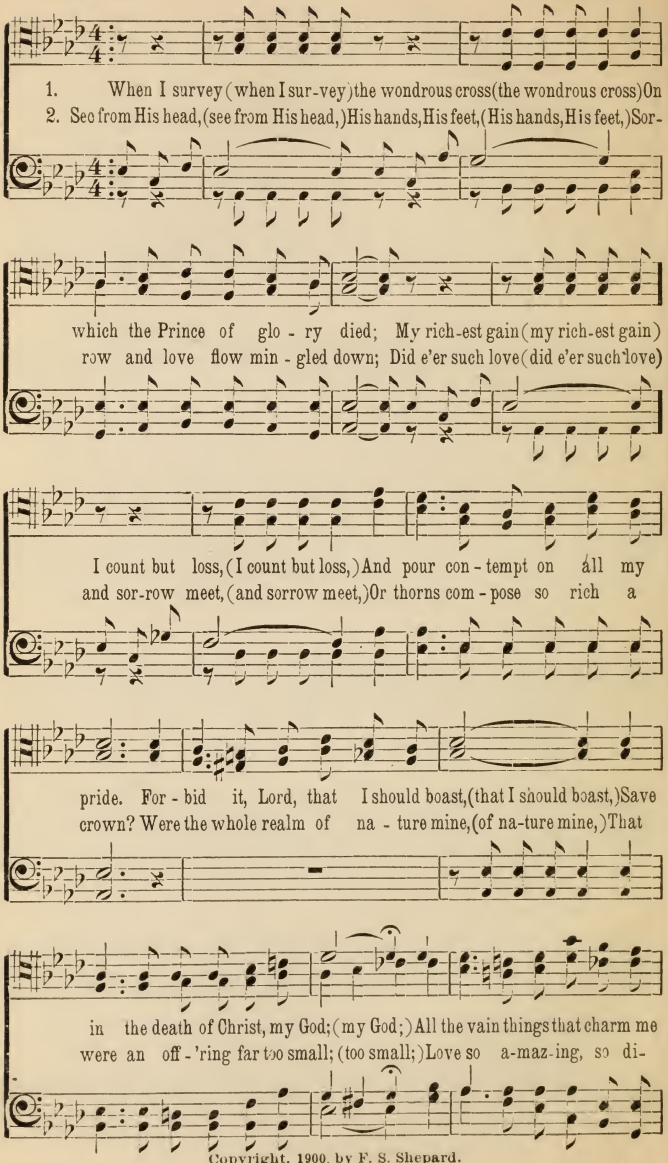
No. 17. When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. When I survey (when I sur-vey) the wondrous cross (the wondrous cross) On
2. See from His head, (see from His head,) His hands, His feet, (His hands, His feet,) Sor-
which the Prince of glo - ry died; My rich-est gain (my rich-est gain)
row and love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love (did e'er such love)
I count but loss, (I count but loss,) And pour con - tempt on all my
and sor-row meet, (and sorrow meet,) Or thorns com - pose so rich a
pride. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, (that I should boast,) Save
crown? Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, (of na-ture mine,) That
in the death of Christ, my God; (my God;) All the vain things that charm me
were an off - 'ring far too small; (too small;) Love so a-maz-ing, so di-

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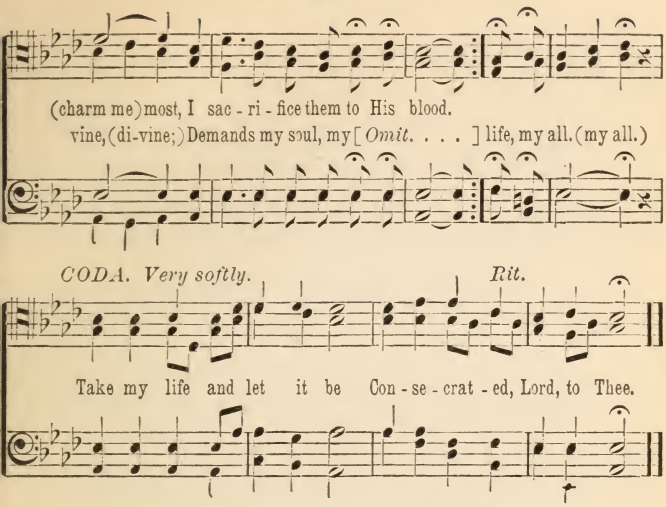
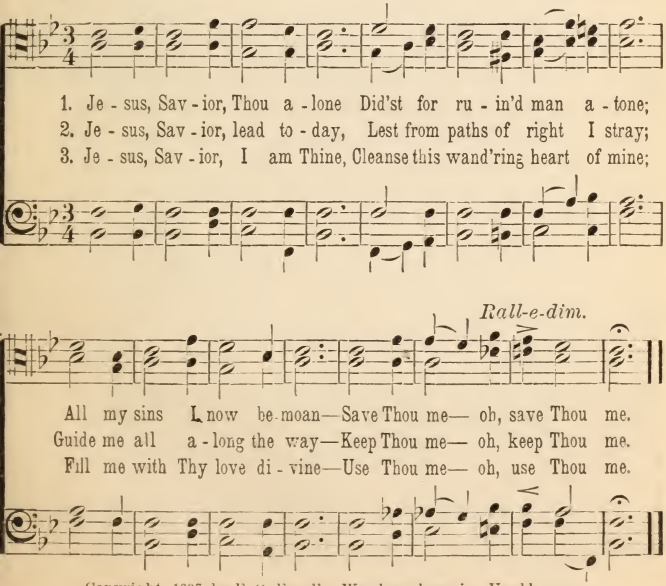

(charm me) most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
vine, (di-vine;) Demands my soul, my [Omit. . . .] life, my all. (my all.)
CODA. Very softly.
Rit.
Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee.

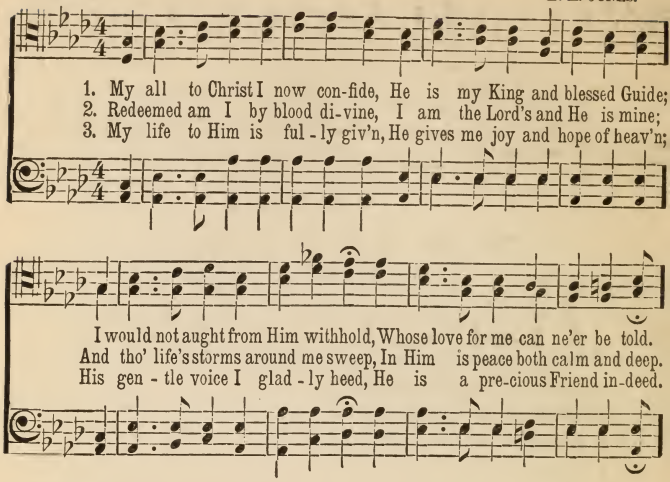
No. 18. Jesus, Savior.

F. S. S. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Thou a - lone Did'st for ru - in'd man a - tone;
2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, lead to - day, Lest from paths of right I stray;
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I am Thine, Cleanse this wand'ring heart of mine;
Rall-e-dim.
All my sins I now be-moan—Save Thou me— oh, save Thou me.
Guide me all a - long the way—Keep Thou me— oh, keep Thou me.
Fill me with Thy love di - vine—Use Thou me— oh, use Thou me.

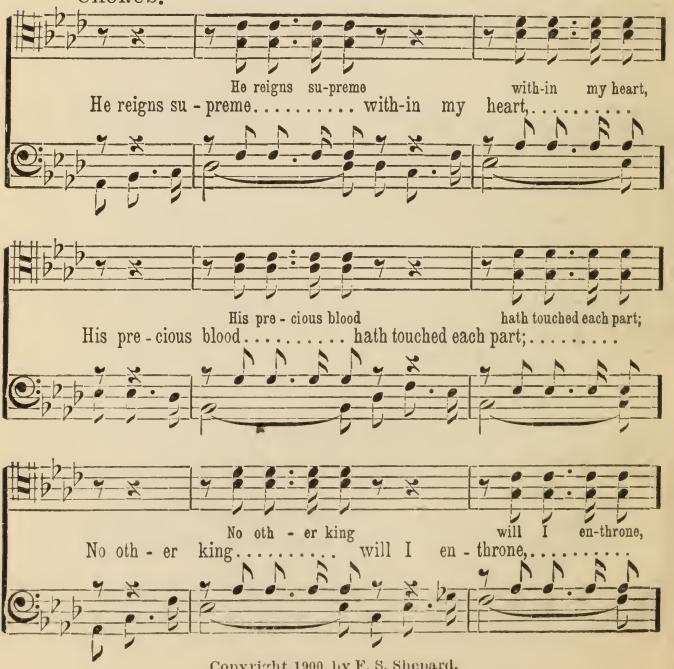
Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell. Words and music. Used by per.

No. 19. He Reigns Supreme.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.


1. My all to Christ I now con-fide, He is my King and blessed Guide;
2. Redeemed am I by blood di-vine, I am the Lord's and He is mine;
3. My life to Him is ful-ly giv'n, He gives me joy and hope of heav'n;
I would not aught from Him withhold, Whose love for me can ne'er be told.
And tho' life's storms around me sweep, In Him is peace both calm and deep.
His gen-tle voice I glad-ly heed, He is a pre-cious Friend in-deed.

CHORUS.


He reigns su-preme with-in my heart,
He reigns su-preme..... with-in my heart,.....
His pre-cious blood hath touched each part;
His pre-cious blood..... hath touched each part;.....
No oth-er king will I en-throne,
No oth-er king..... will I en-throne,.....

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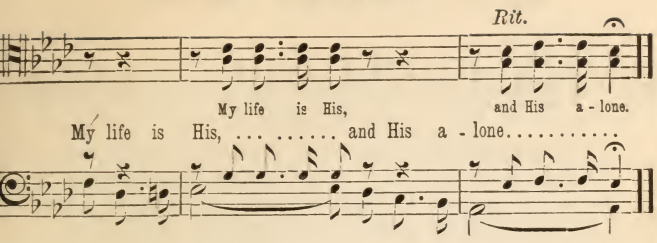
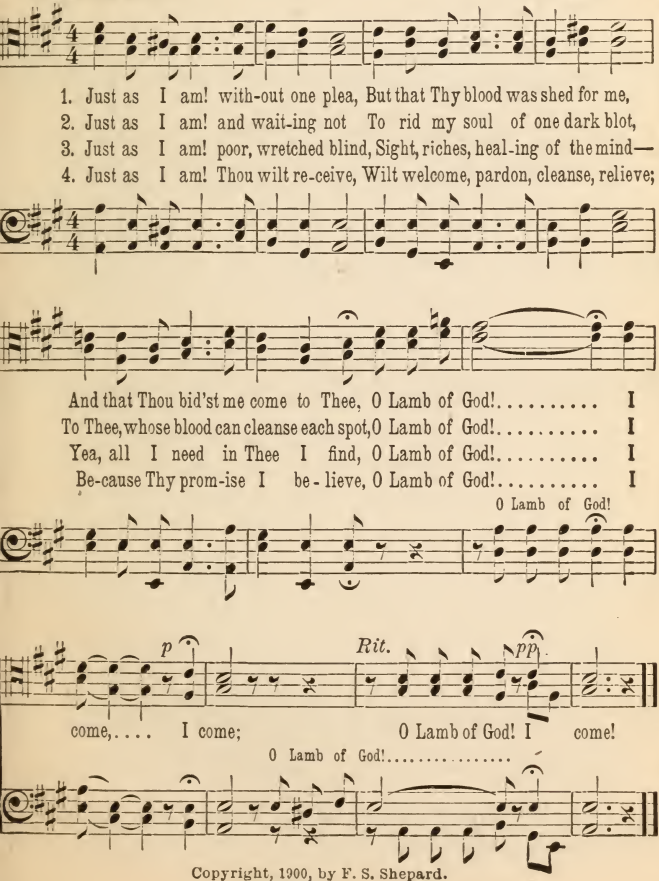


No. 20. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! poor, wretched blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind—
4. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God!..... I
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God!..... I
Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God!..... I
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God!..... I
O Lamb of God!
p
Rit.
pp
come,.... I come; O Lamb of God! I come!
O Lamb of God!.....

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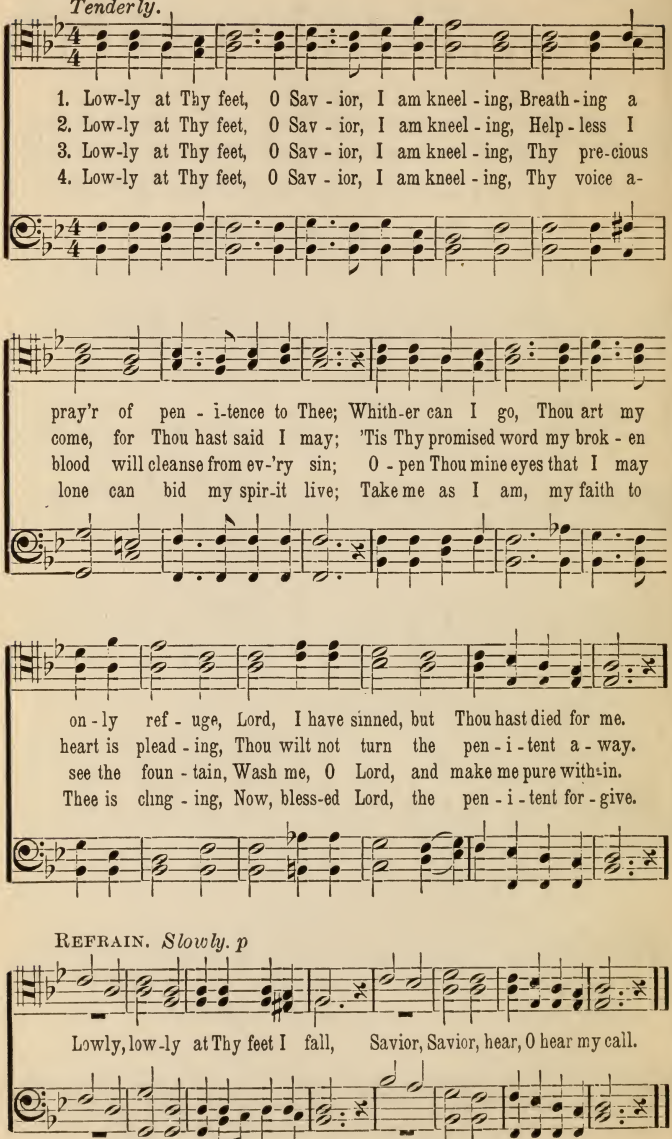
No. 21. Lowly At Thy Feet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.


1. Low-ly at Thy feet, O Sav - ior, I am kneel - ing, Breath - ing a
2. Low-ly at Thy feet, O Sav - ior, I am kneel - ing, Help - less I
3. Low-ly at Thy feet, O Sav - ior, I am kneel - ing, Thy pre-cious
4. Low-ly at Thy feet, O Sav - ior, I am kneel - ing, Thy voice a-
pray'r of pen - i-tence to Thee; Whith-er can I go, Thou art my
come, for Thou hast said I may; 'Tis Thy promised word my brok - en
blood will cleanse from ev-'ry sin; O - pen Thou mine eyes that I may
lone can bid my spir-it live; Take me as I am, my faith to
on - ly ref - uge, Lord, I have sinned, but Thou hast died for me.
heart is plead - ing, Thou wilt not turn the pen - i - tent a - way.
see the foun - tain, Wash me, O Lord, and make me pure with-in.
Thee is cling - ing, Now, bless-ed Lord, the pen - i - tent for - give.
REFRAIN. *Slowly. p*
Lowly, low-ly at Thy feet I fall, Savior, Savior, hear, O hear my call.

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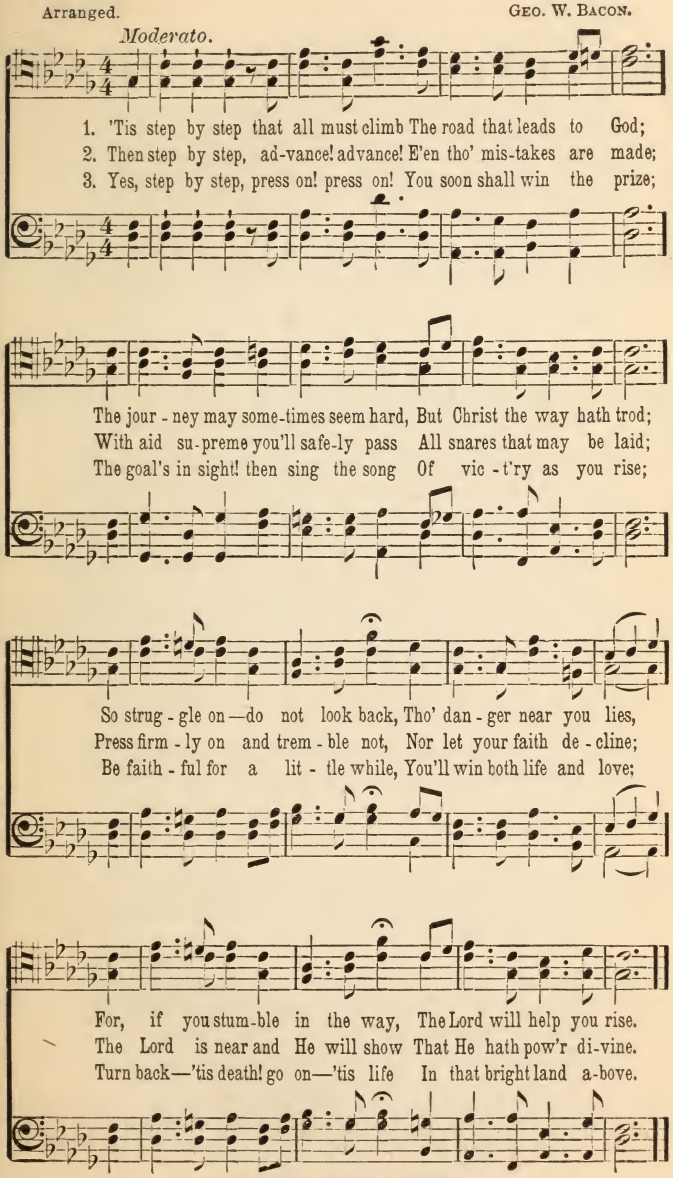
No. 22. 'Tis Step By Step.

Arranged. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.


1. 'Tis step by step that all must climb The road that leads to God;
2. Then step by step, ad-vance! advance! E'en tho' mis-takes are made;
3. Yes, step by step, press on! press on! You soon shall win the prize;
The jour - ney may some-times seem hard, But Christ the way hath trod;
With aid su-preme you'll safe-ly pass All snares that may be laid;
The goal's in sight! then sing the song Of vic - t'ry as you rise;
So strug - gle on—do not look back, Tho' dan - ger near you lies,
Press firm - ly on and trem - ble not, Nor let your faith de - cline;
Be faith - ful for a lit - tle while, You'll win both life and love;
For, if you stum-ble in the way, The Lord will help you rise.
The Lord is near and He will show That He hath pow'r di-vine.
Turn back—'tis death! go on—'tis life In that bright land a-bove.

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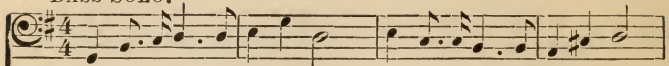
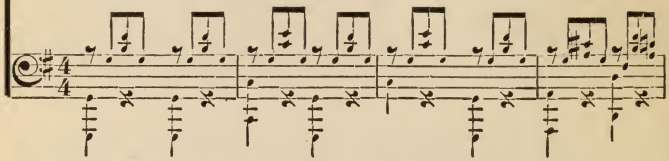
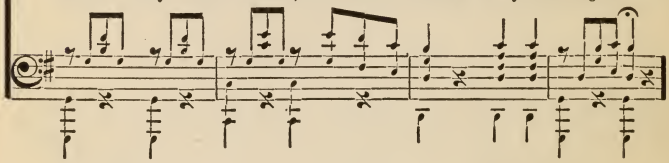
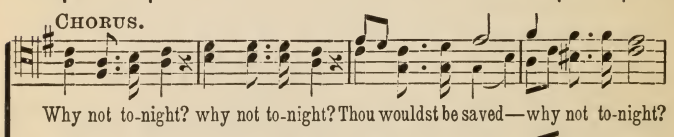
No. 23. Why Not To-Night?

ELIZA REED. J. H. ROSECRANS.

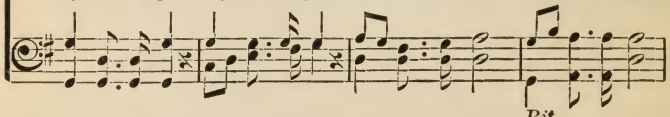
BASS SOLO.



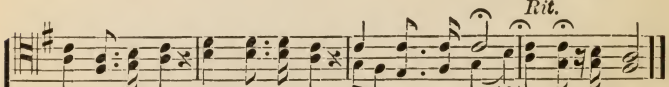
1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would their souls to Him u-nite;

My brother, harden not thy heart, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
Believe—obey—and it is done, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

CHORUS.



Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

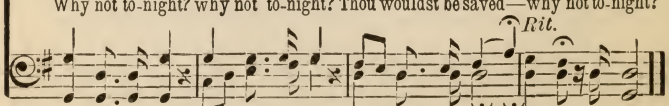


Rit.



Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Rit.



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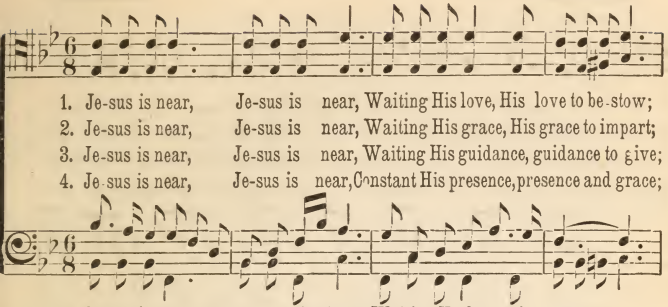
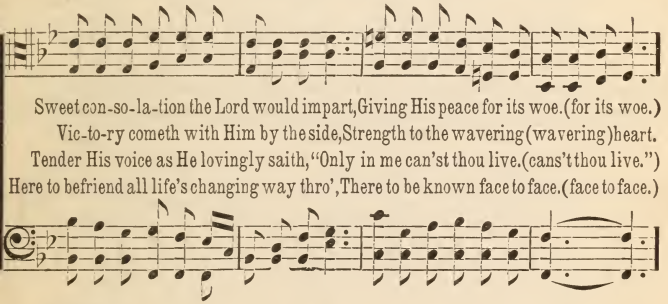
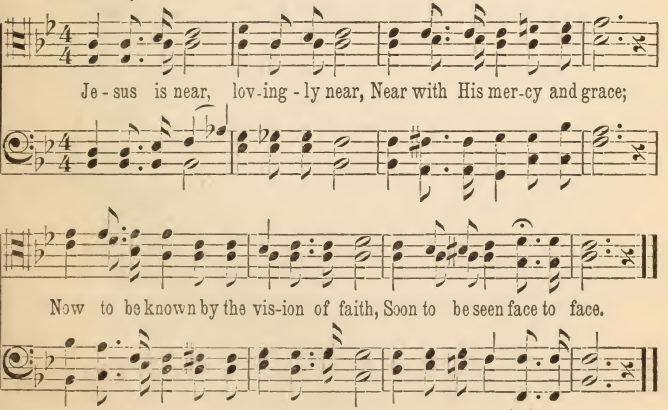
No. 24. Jesus Is Near.

F. S. SHEPARD. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.


1. Je-sus is near, Je-sus is near, Waiting His love, His love to be-stow;
2. Je-sus is near, Je-sus is near, Waiting His grace, His grace to impart;
3. Je-sus is near, Je-sus is near, Waiting His guidance, guidance to give;
4. Je-sus is near, Je-sus is near, Constant His presence, presence and grace;
1. Je-sus is near to the sor-row-ing heart, Waiting His love to be - stow; . . .
2. Je-sus is near to the tempted and tried, Waiting His grace to im - part; . . .
3. Je-sus is near to the wandering one, Waiting His guidance to give; . . .
4. Je-sus is near to the faithful and true, Constant His presence and grace; . .


Sweet con-so-la-tion the Lord would impart, Giving His peace for its woe. (for its woe.)
Vic-to-ry cometh with Him by the side, Strength to the wavering (wavering) heart.
Tender His voice as He lovingly saith, "Only in me can't thou live. (cans't thou live.")
Here to befriend all life's changing way thro', There to be known face to face. (face to face.)

CHORUS.



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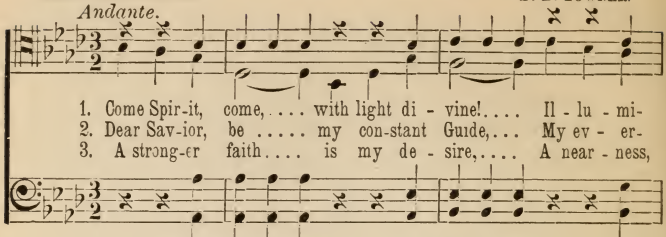
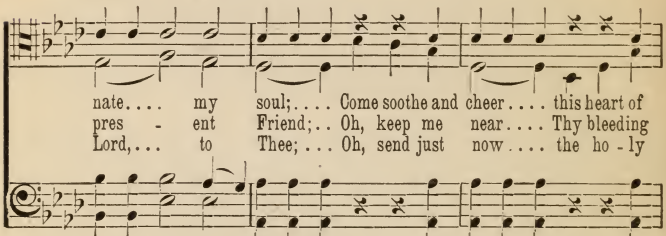
No. 25. Come, Spirit, Come.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. D. B. Towner.

Andante.

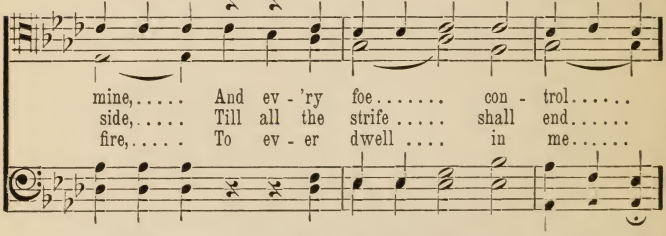

1. Come Spir-it, come, ... with light di - vine! .... Il - lu - mi-
2. Dear Sav-ior, be ..... my con-stant Guide, ... My ev - er-
3. A strong-er faith .... is my de - sire, ... A near - ness,

1. Come, Spir-it, come, with light di-vine! Il-
2. Dear Sav-ior, be my con-stant Guide, My
3. A strong-er faith is my de - sire, A


nate.... my soul;.... Come soothe and cheer .... this heart of
pres - ent Friend;.. Oh, keep me near .... Thy bleeding
Lord,... to Thee; ... Oh, send just now .... the ho - ly

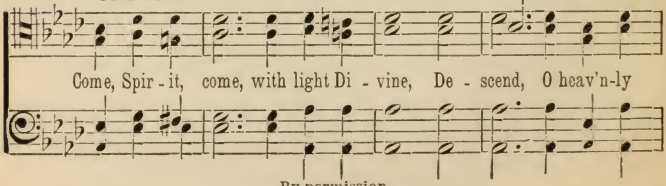
lu - mi-nate my wait-ing soul; Come soothe and cheer this
ev - er-pres - ent, lov-ing Friend; Oh, keep me near Thy
nearness, bless-ed Lord, to Thee; Oh, send just now the

Ad lib.



heart of mine, And ev - 'ry in - ward foe con - trol.
bleed-ing side, Till all the toil and strife shall end.
ho - ly fire, To ev - er sweet - ly dwell in me.

Chorus.



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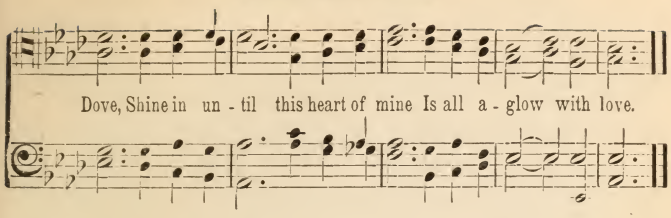
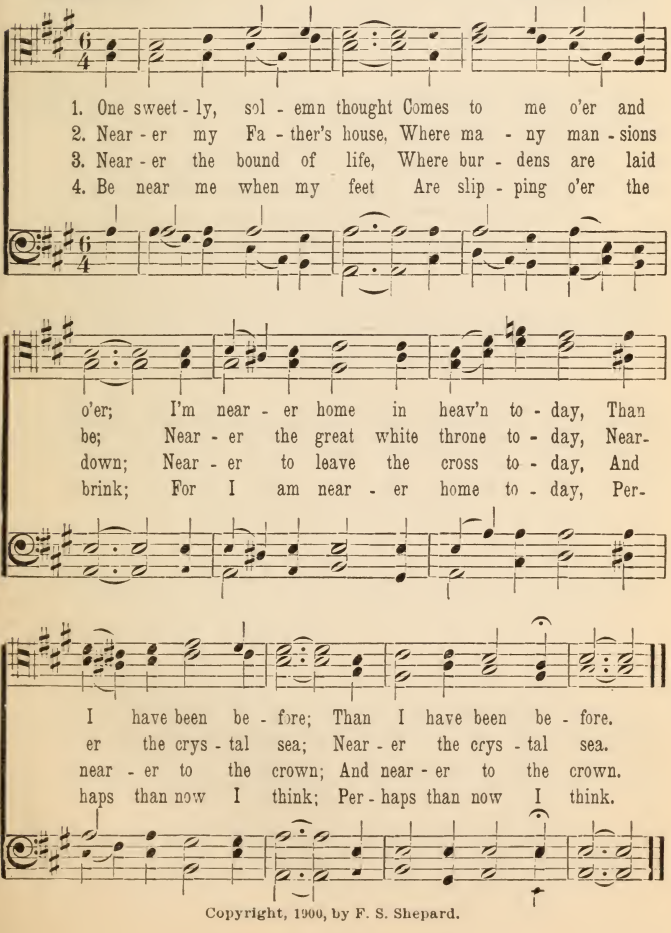


No. 26. One, Sweetly, Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. One sweet - ly, sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home in heav'n to - day, Than I have been be - fore; Than I have been be - fore.
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea; Near - er the crys - tal sea.
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And near - er to the crown; And near - er to the crown.
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per - haps than now I think; Per - haps than now I think.

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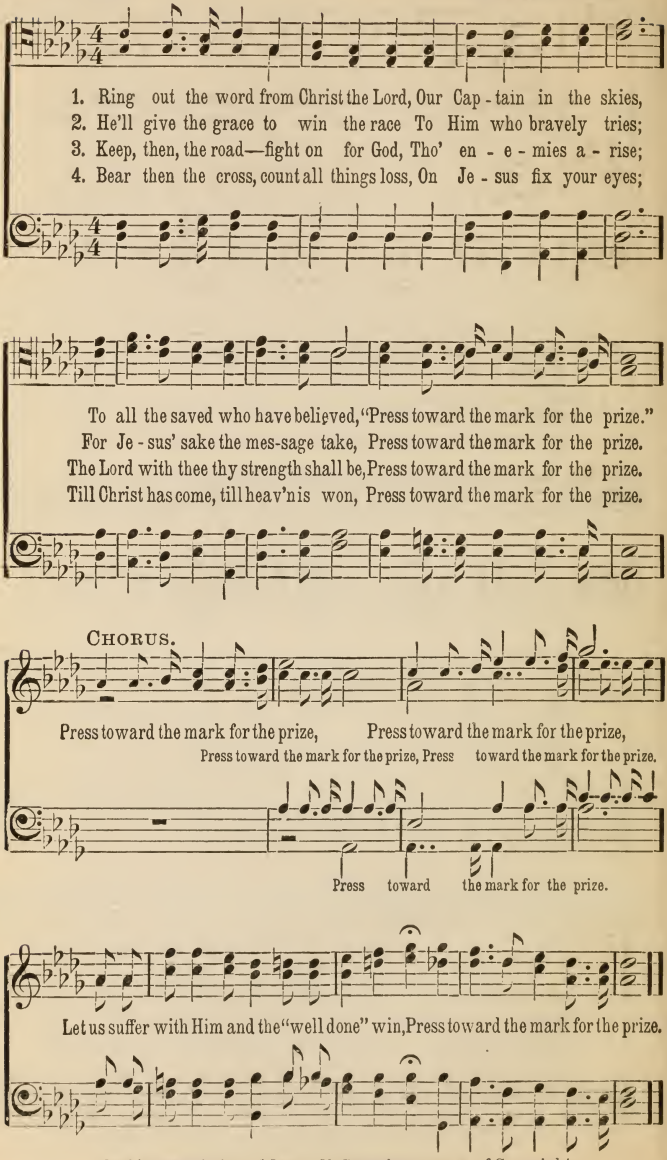
No. 27. Press Toward the Mark.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Ring out the word from Christ the Lord, Our Cap - tain in the skies,
2. He'll give the grace to win the race To Him who bravely tries;
3. Keep, then, the road—fight on for God, Tho' en - e - mies a - rise;
4. Bear then the cross, count all things loss, On Je - sus fix your eyes;
To all the saved who have believed, "Press toward the mark for the prize."
For Je - sus' sake the mes-sage take, Press toward the mark for the prize.
The Lord with thee thy strength shall be, Press toward the mark for the prize.
Till Christ has come, till heav'n is won, Press toward the mark for the prize.
CHORUS.
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize,
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize.
Press toward the mark for the prize.
Let us suffer with Him and the "well done" win, Press toward the mark for the prize.

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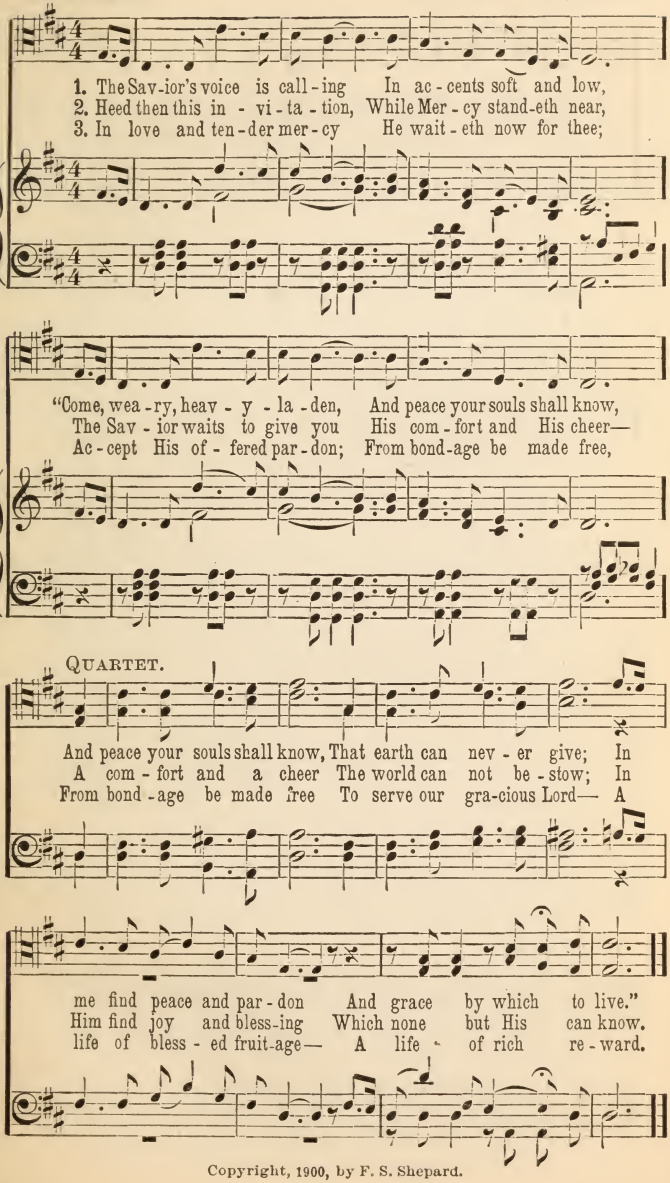
No. 28. The Savior's Voice.

F. S. Shepard. Scotch Air. Arr. by F. S. S.


1. The Sav-ior's voice is call-ing In ac-cents soft and low,
2. Heed then this in-vi-ta-tion, While Mer-cy stand-eth near,
3. In love and ten-der mer-cy He wait-eth now for thee;
"Come, wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, And peace your souls shall know,
The Sav-ior waits to give you His com-fort and His cheer—
Ac-cept His of-fered par-don; From bond-age be made free,
Quartet.
And peace your souls shall know, That earth can nev-er give; In
A com-fort and a cheer The world can not be-stow; In
From bond-age be made free To serve our gra-cious Lord— A
me find peace and par-don And grace by which to live."
Him find joy and bless-ing Which none but His can know.
life of bless-ed fruit-age— A life of rich re-ward.

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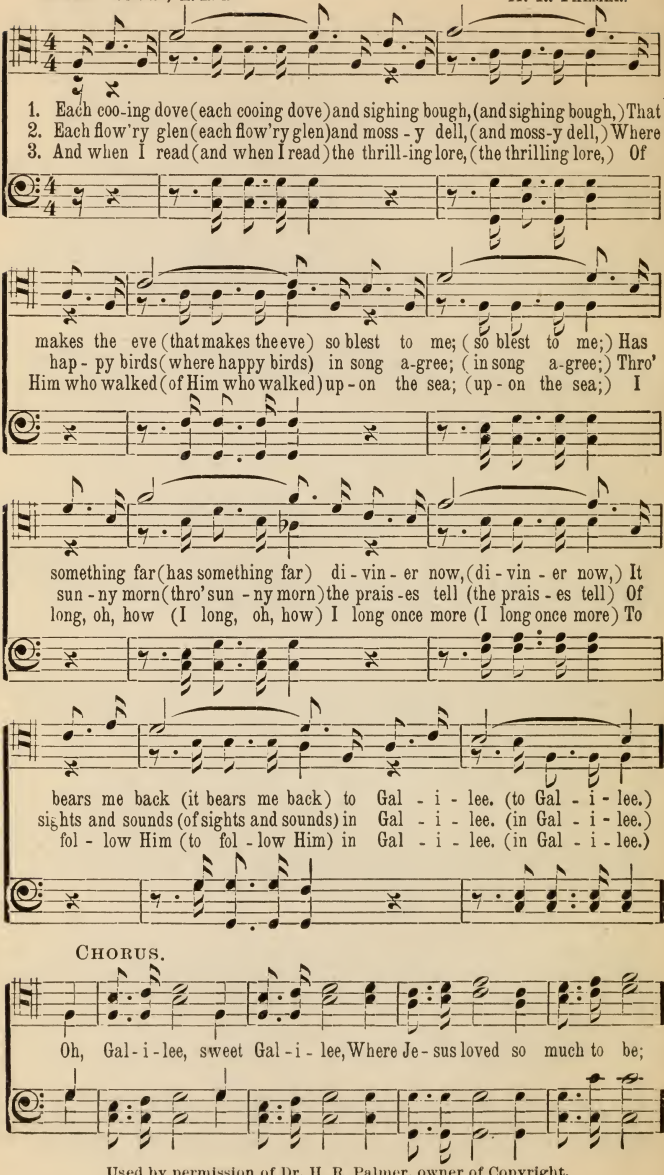
No. 29. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D. H. R. PALMER.


1. Each coo-ing dove (each cooing dove) and sighing bough, (and sighing bough,) That
2. Each flow'ry glen (each flow'ry glen) and moss-y dell, (and moss-y dell,) Where
3. And when I read (and when I read) the thrill-ing lore, (the thrilling lore,) Of
makes the eve (that makes the eve) so blest to me; (so blest to me;) Has
hap-py birds (where happy birds) in song a-gree; (in song a-gree;) Thro'
Him who walked (of Him who walked) up-on the sea; (up-on the sea;) I
something far (has something far) di-vin-er now, (di-vin-er now,) It
sun-ny morn (thro' sun-ny morn) the prais-es tell (the prais-es tell) Of
long, oh, how (I long, oh, how) I long once more (I long once more) To
bears me back (it bears me back) to Gal-i-lee. (to Gal-i-lee.)
sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Gal-i-lee. (in Gal-i-lee.)
fol-low Him (to fol-low Him) in Gal-i-lee. (in Gal-i-lee.)

CHORUS.

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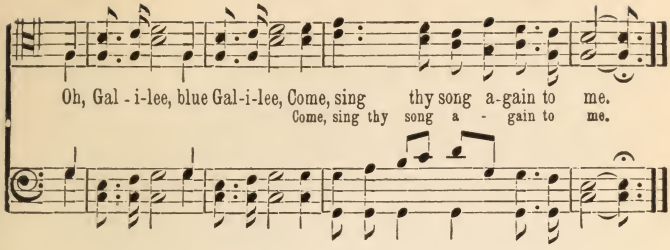
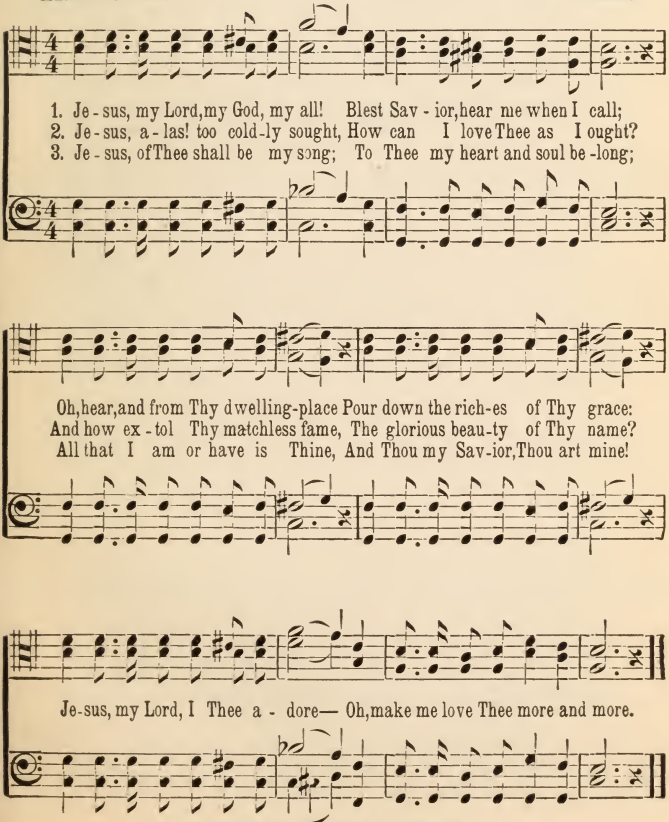

No. 30. Make Me Love Thee More.

HENRY COLLINS. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all! Blest Sav - ior, hear me when I call;
2. Je - sus, a - las! too cold-ly sought, How can I love Thee as I ought?
3. Je - sus, of Thee shall be my song; To Thee my heart and soul be - long;
Oh, hear, and from Thy dwelling-place Pour down the rich-es of Thy grace:
And how ex - tol Thy matchless fame, The glorious beau-ty of Thy name?
All that I am or have is Thine, And Thou my Sav-ior, Thou art mine!
Je-sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore— Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

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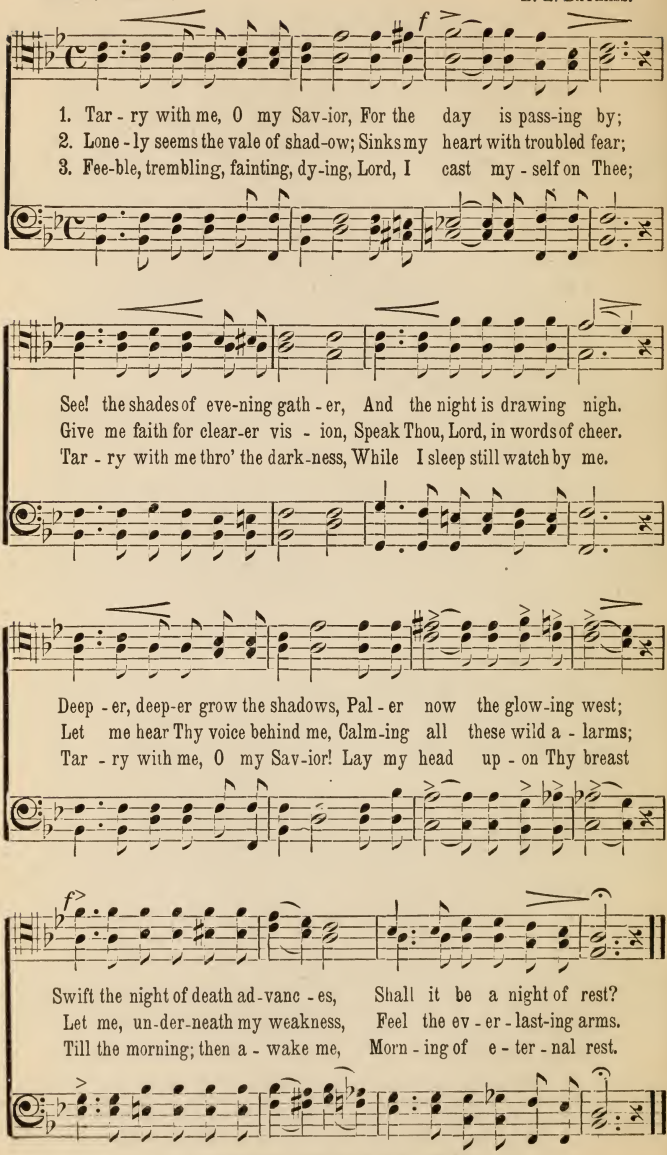
No. 31. Tarry With Me.

MRS. C. S. SMITH. B. L. BAYLESS.


1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-ior, For the day is pass-ing by;
2. Lone - ly seems the vale of shad-ow; Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
3. Fee-ble, trembling, fainting, dy-ing, Lord, I cast my - self on Thee;
See! the shades of eve-ning gath - er, And the night is drawing nigh.
Give me faith for clear-er vis - ion, Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
Tar - ry with me thro' the dark-ness, While I sleep still watch by me.
Deep - er, deep-er grow the shadows, Pal - er now the glow-ing west;
Let me hear Thy voice behind me, Calm-ing all these wild a - larms;
Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-ior! Lay my head up - on Thy breast
Swift the night of death ad-vanc - es, Shall it be a night of rest?
Let me, un-der-neath my weakness, Feel the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Till the morning; then a - wake me, Morn - ing of e - ter - nal rest.

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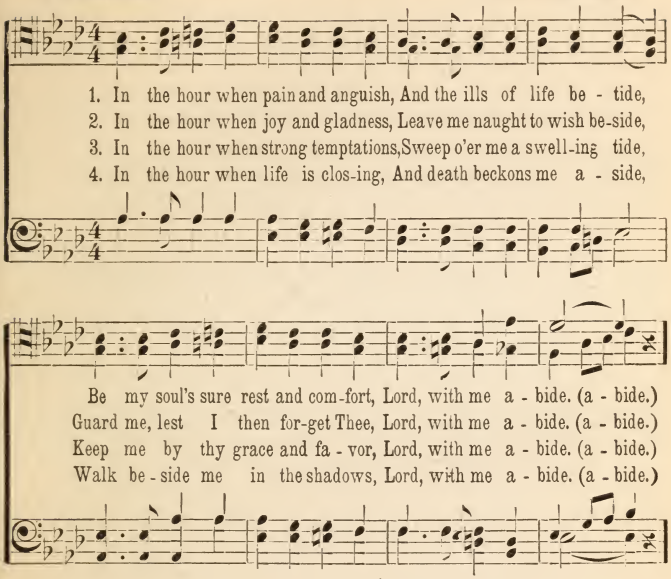
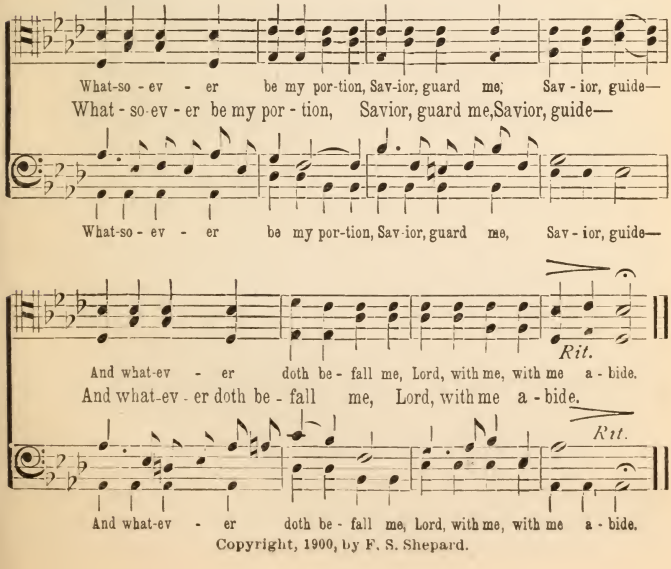
No. 32. Lord, With Me Abide.

F. S. SHEPARD. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.


1. In the hour when pain and anguish, And the ills of life be - tide,
2. In the hour when joy and gladness, Leave me naught to wish be-side,
3. In the hour when strong temptations, Sweep o'er me a swell-ing tide,
4. In the hour when life is clos-ing, And death beckons me a - side,
Be my soul's sure rest and com-fort, Lord, with me a - bide. (a - bide.)
Guard me, lest I then for-get Thee, Lord, with me a - bide. (a - bide.)
Keep me by thy grace and fa - vor, Lord, with me a - bide. (a - bide.)
Walk be - side me in the shadows, Lord, with me a - bide. (a - bide.)

CHORUS.

What-so - ev - er be my por-tion, Sav-ior, guard me, Sav - ior, guide—
What - so-ev - er be my por - tion, Savior, guard me, Savior, guide—
What-so - ev - er be my por-tion, Sav-ior, guard me, Sav - ior, guide—
Rit.
And what-ev - er doth be - fall me, Lord, with me, with me a - bide.
And what-ev - er doth be - fall me, Lord, with me a - bide.
Rit.
And what-ev - er doth be - fall me, Lord, with me, with me a - bide.

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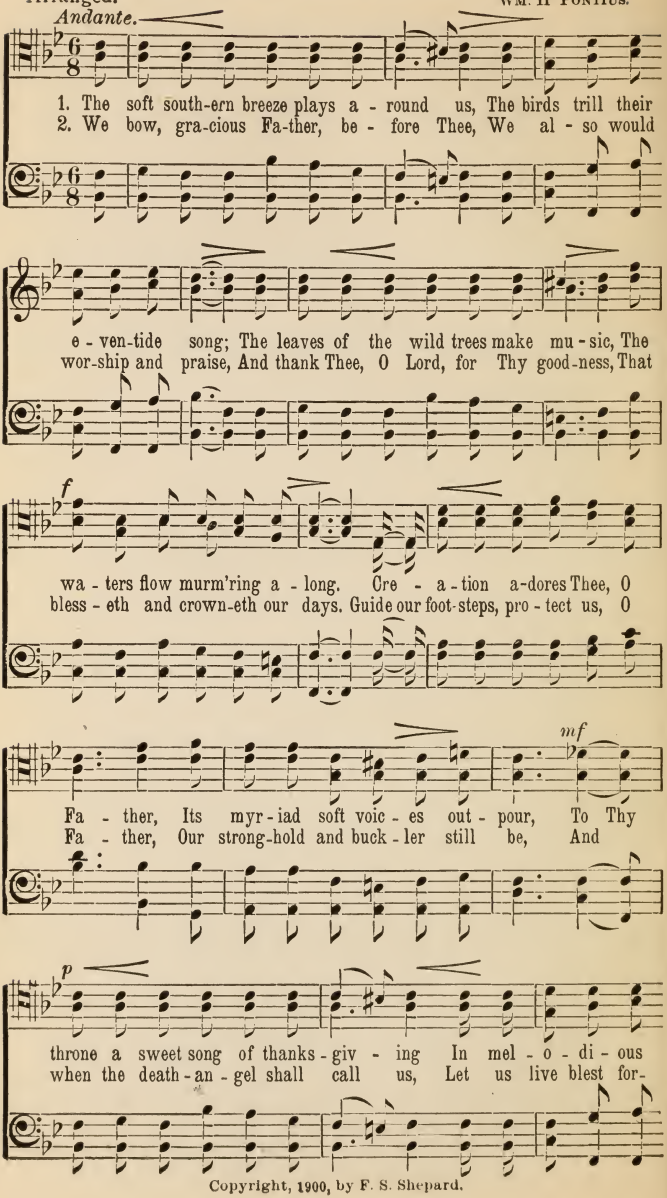
No. 33. The Soft Southern Breeze.

Arranged. WM. H PONTIUS.

Andante.
1. The soft south-ern breeze plays a - round us, The birds trill their
2. We bow, gra-cious Fa-ther, be - fore Thee, We al - so would
e - ven-tide song; The leaves of the wild trees make mu - sic, The
wor-ship and praise, And thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy good-ness, That
f
wa - ters flow murm'ring a - long. Cre - a - tion a-dores Thee, O
bless - eth and crown-eth our days. Guide our foot-steps, pro - tect us, O
mf
Fa - ther, Its myr - iad soft voic - es out - pour, To Thy
Fa - ther, Our strong-hold and buck - ler still be, And
p
throne a sweet song of thanks - giv - ing In mel - o - di - ous
when the death - an - gel shall call us, Let us live blest for-

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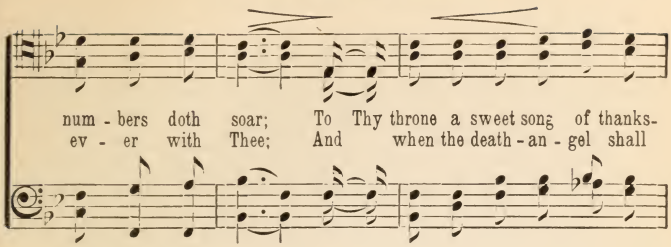
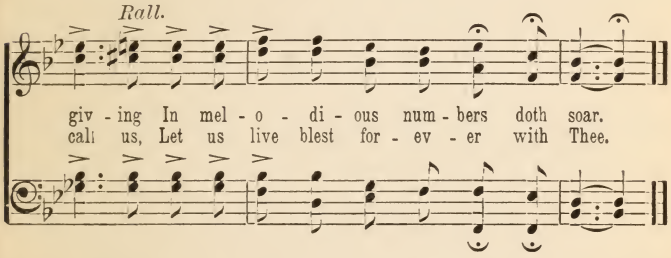
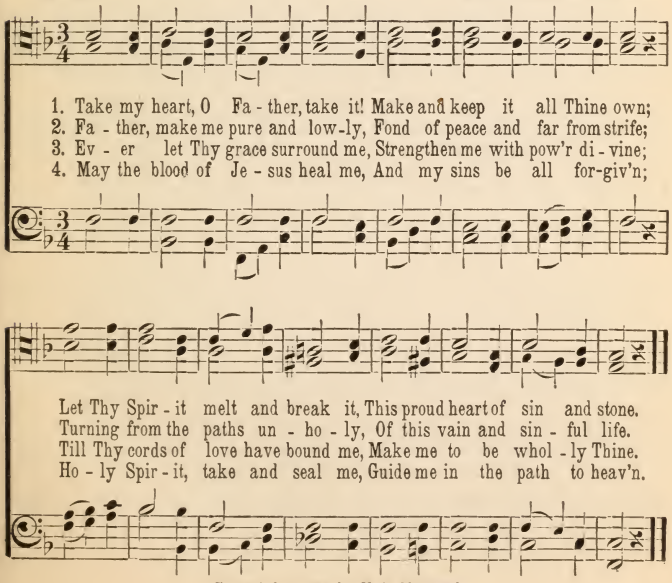




No. 34. Take My Heart.

Anon. JNO. R. BRYANT. Alt.


1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it! Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Fa - ther, make me pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ev - er let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r di - vine;
4. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;
Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turning from the paths un - ho - ly, Of this vain and sin - ful life.
Till Thy cords of love have bound me, Make me to be whol - ly Thine.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

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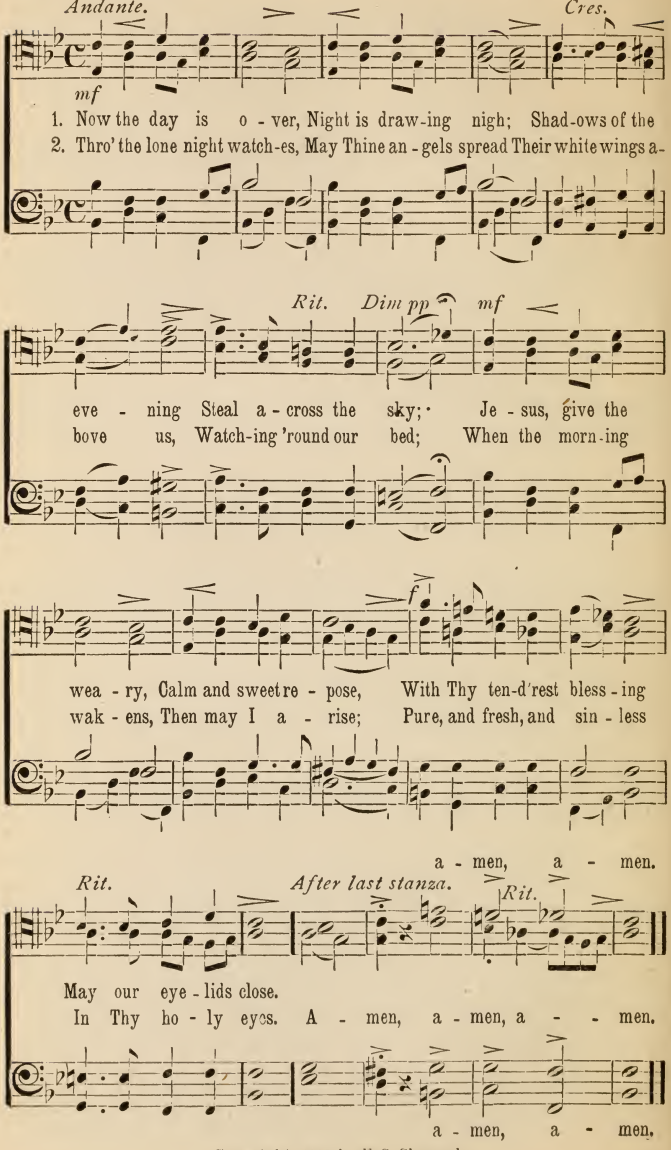
No. 35. Now the Day is Over.

S. Baring-Gould. Wm. H. Pontius.

Andante.
Cres.
mf
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh; Shad-ows of the
2. Thro' the lone night watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread Their white wings a-
Rit.
Dim pp
mf
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; Je - sus, give the
bove us, Watch-ing 'round our bed; When the morn-ing
f
wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose, With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing
wak - ens, Then may I a - rise; Pure, and fresh, and sin - less
a - men, a - men.
Rit.
After last stanza.
Rit.
May our eye - lids close.
In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - men, a - men, a - - men.
a - men, a - men.

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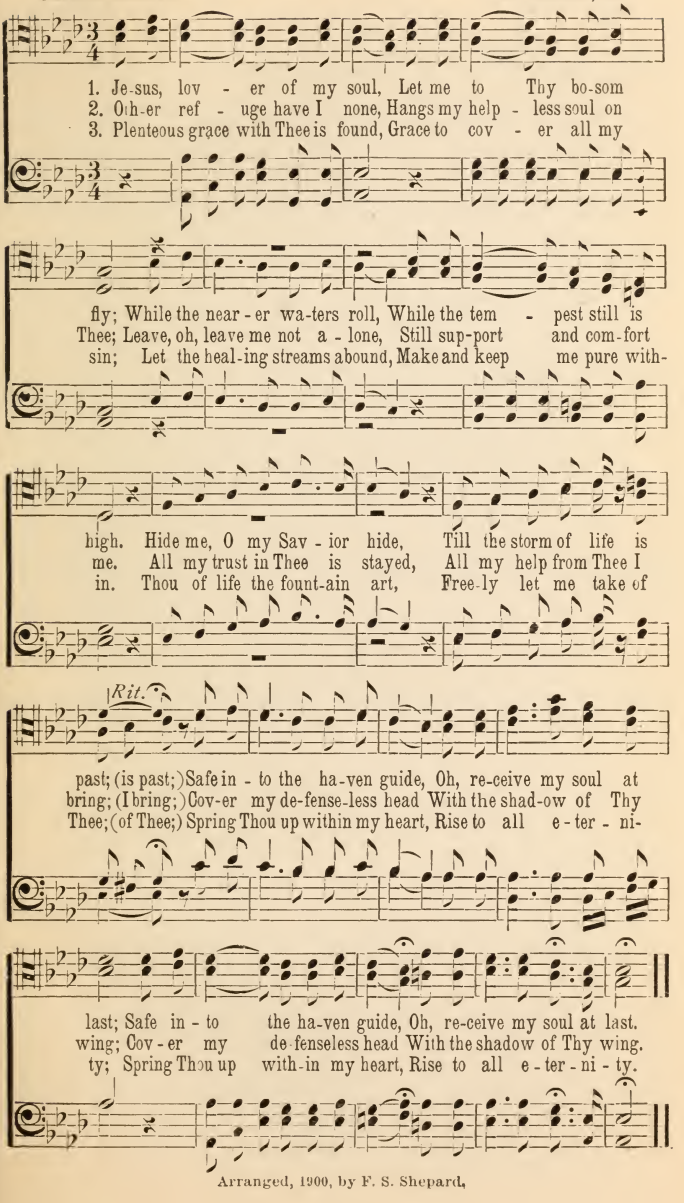
No. 36. A Sure Refuge.

CHARLES WESLEY. M. LINDSAY, arr.

1. Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som
2. Oth-er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my
fly; While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is
Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort
sin; Let the heal-ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-
high. Hide me, O my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is
me. All my trust in Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I
in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly let me take of
Rit.
past; (is past;) Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at
bring; (I bring;) Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy
Thee; (of Thee;) Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni-
last; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
wing; Cov - er my de-fenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
ty; Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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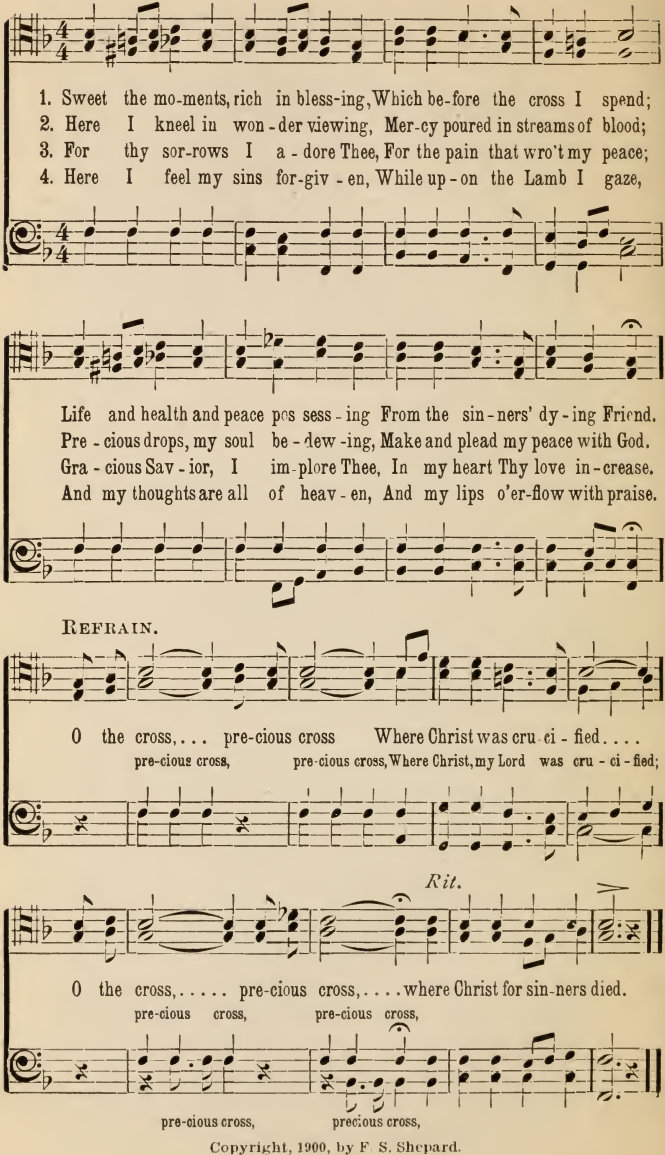
No. 37. Sweet the Moments.

JAMES ALLEN. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
2. Here I kneel in won-der viewing, Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;
3. For thy sor-rows I a-dore Thee, For the pain that wro't my peace;
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
Life and health and peace pos sess-ing From the sin-ners' dy-ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Make and plead my peace with God.
Gra-cious Sav-ior, I im-plore Thee, In my heart Thy love in-crease.
And my thoughts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
REFRAIN.
O the cross,... pre-cious cross Where Christ was cru-ci-fied....
pre-cious cross, pre-cious cross, Where Christ, my Lord was cru-ci-fied;
Rit.
O the cross,..... pre-cious cross,.... where Christ for sin-ners died.
pre-cious cross, pre-cious cross,
pre-cious cross, precious cross,

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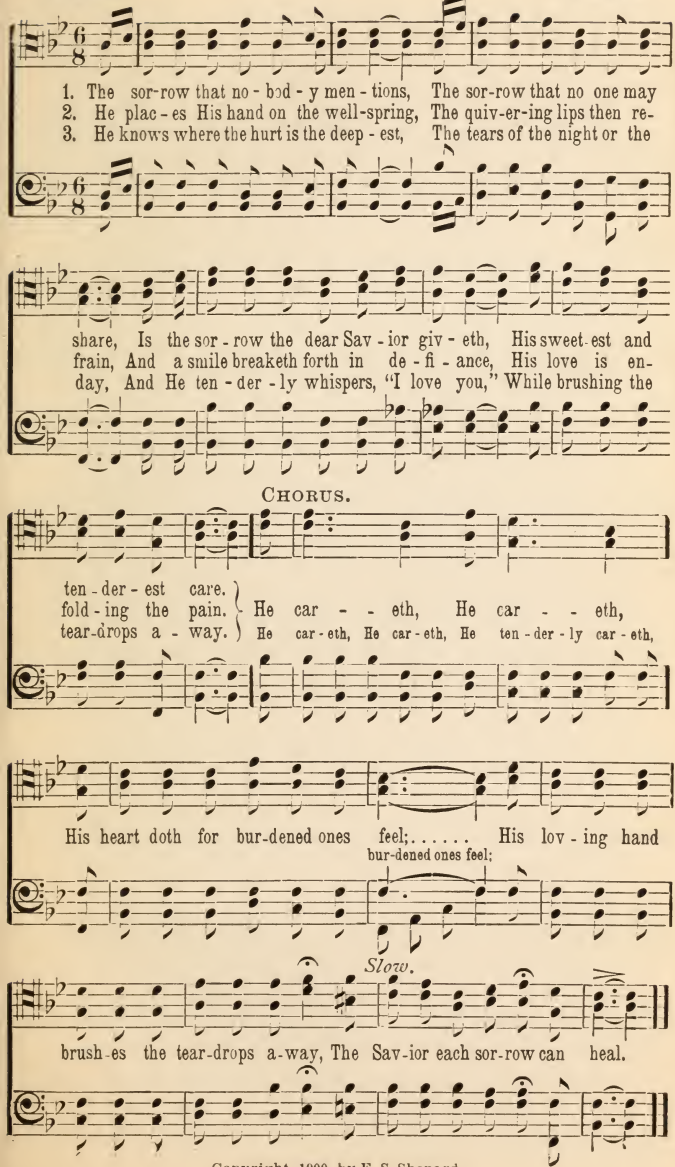
No. 38. He Careth.

Arranged. L. E. Jones.

1. The sor-row that no-bod-y men-tions, The sor-row that no one may
2. He plac-es His hand on the well-spring, The quiv-er-ing lips then re-
3. He knows where the hurt is the deep-est, The tears of the night or the
share, Is the sor-row the dear Sav-ior giv-eth, His sweet-est and
frain, And a smile breaketh forth in de-fi-ance, His love is en-
day, And He ten-der-ly whispers, "I love you," While brushing the
Chorus.
ten-der-est care.
fold-ing the pain.
tear-drops a-way.
He car-eth, He car-eth, He car-eth,
He car-eth, He car-eth, He ten-der-ly car-eth,
His heart doth for bur-dened ones feel;..... His lov-ing hand
bur-dened ones feel;
Slow.
brush-es the tear-drops a-way, The Sav-ior each sor-row can heal.

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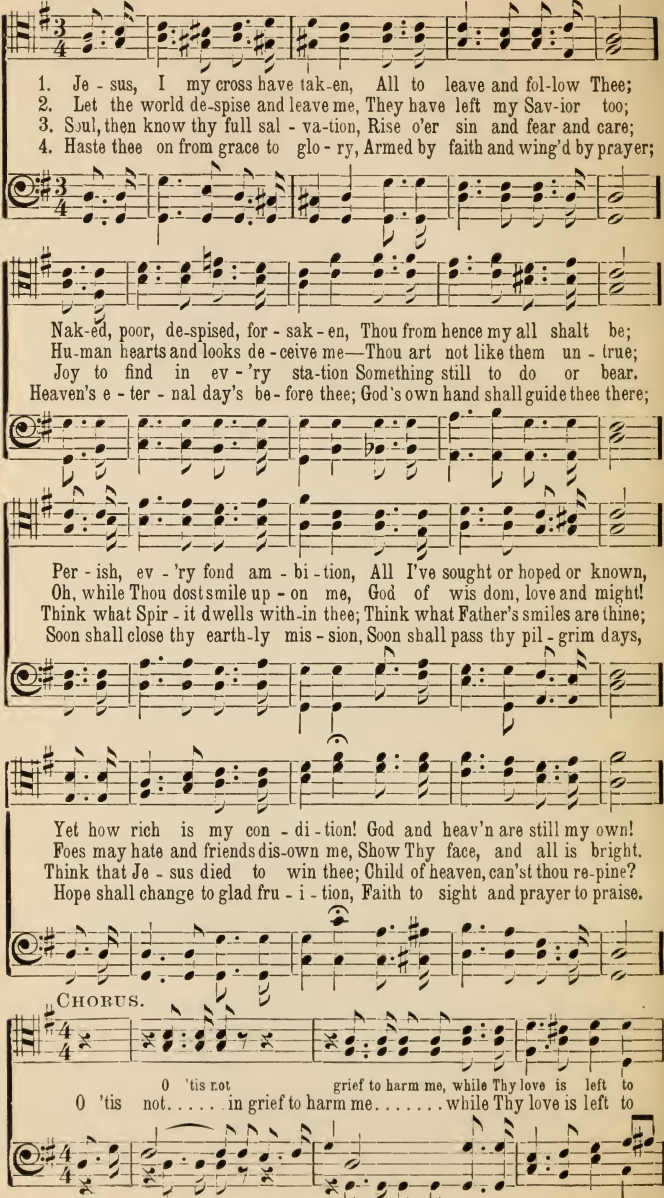
No. 39. I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. LYTE. J. L. B. JONES.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-ior too;
3. Soul, then know thy full sal - va-tion, Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Nak-ed, poor, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Hu-man hearts and looks de - ceive me—Thou art not like them un - true;
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.
Heaven's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known,
Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis dom, love and might!
Think what Spir - it dwells with-in thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate and friends dis-own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Think that Je - sus died to win thee; Child of heaven, can't thou re-pine?
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight and prayer to praise.
CHORUS.
O 'tis not grief to harm me, while Thy love is left to
O 'tis not..... in grief to harm me..... while Thy love is left to

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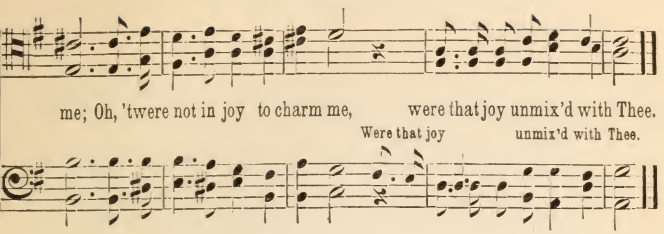
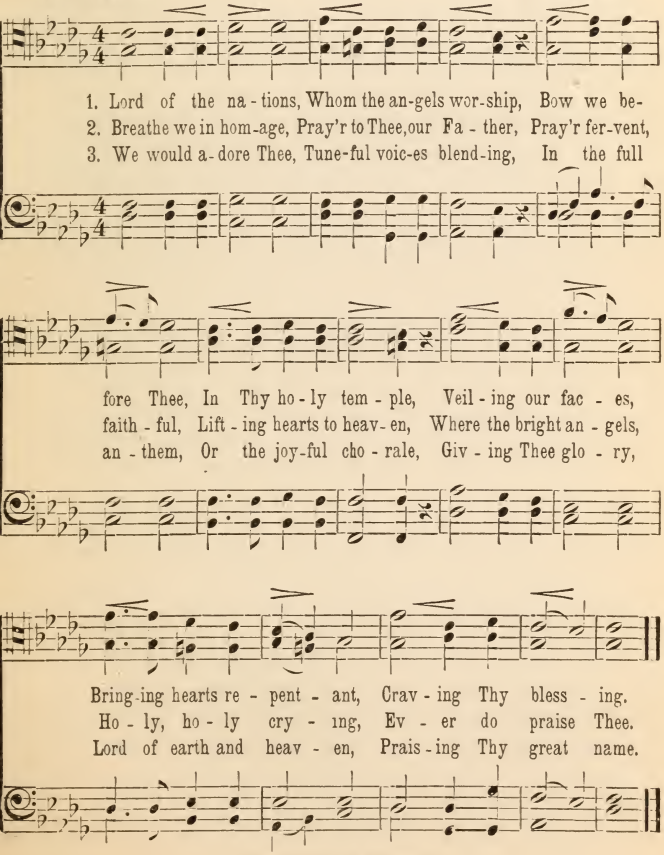


No. 40. Lord of the Nations.

GEO. BENNETT. F. FLEMMING.

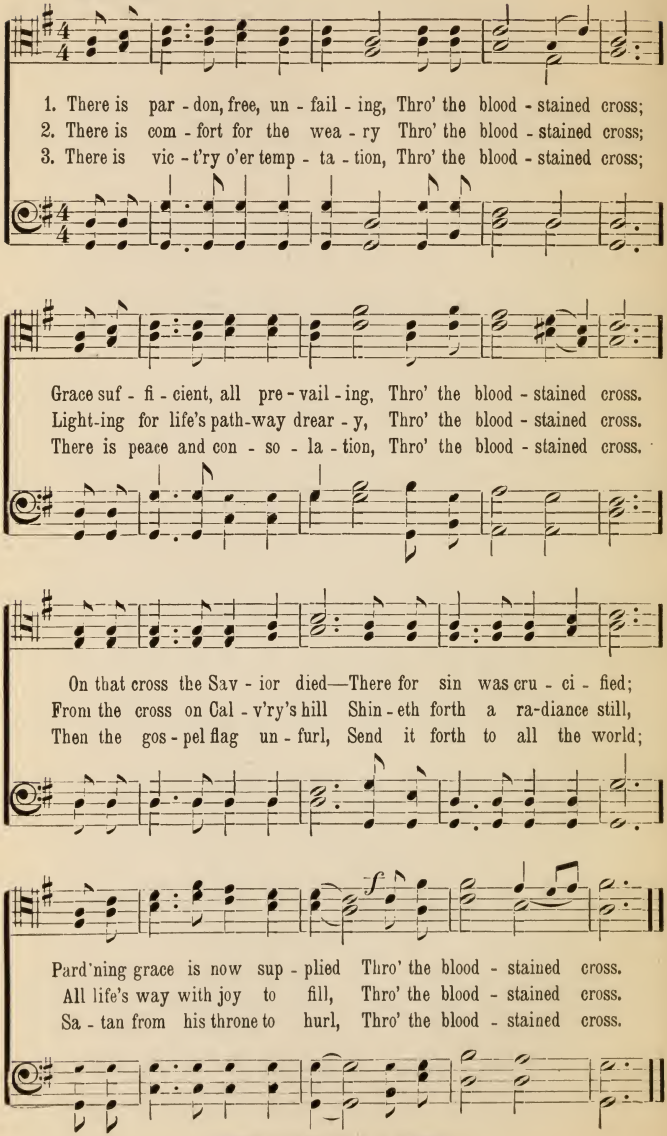

1. Lord of the na - tions, Whom the an-gels wor-ship, Bow we be-
2. Breathe we in hom-age, Pray'r to Thee, our Fa - ther, Pray'r fer-vent,
3. We would a-dore Thee, Tune-ful voic-es blend-ing, In the full
fore Thee, In Thy ho - ly tem - ple, Veil - ing our fac - es,
faith - ful, Lift - ing hearts to heav - en, Where the bright an - gels,
an - them, Or the joy-ful cho - rale, Giv - ing Thee glo - ry,
Bring-ing hearts re - pent - ant, Crav - ing Thy bless - ing.
Ho - ly, ho - ly cry - ing, Ev - er do praise Thee.
Lord of earth and heav - en, Prais - ing Thy great name.

Arranged by F. S. Shepard.

No. 41. The Blood-Stained Cross.

F. S. SHEPARD. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.


1. There is par - don, free, un - fail - ing, Thro' the blood - stained cross;
2. There is com - fort for the wea - ry Thro' the blood - stained cross;
3. There is vic - t'ry o'er temp - ta - tion, Thro' the blood - stained cross;
Grace suf - fi - cient, all pre - vail - ing, Thro' the blood - stained cross.
Light-ing for life's path-way drear - y, Thro' the blood - stained cross.
There is peace and con - so - la - tion, Thro' the blood - stained cross.
On that cross the Sav - ior died—There for sin was cru - ci - fied;
From the cross on Cal - v'ry's hill Shin - eth forth a ra-diance still,
Then the gos - pel flag un - furl, Send it forth to all the world;
f
Pard'ning grace is now sup - plied Thro' the blood - stained cross.
All life's way with joy to fill, Thro' the blood - stained cross.
Sa - tan from his throne to hurl, Thro' the blood - stained cross.

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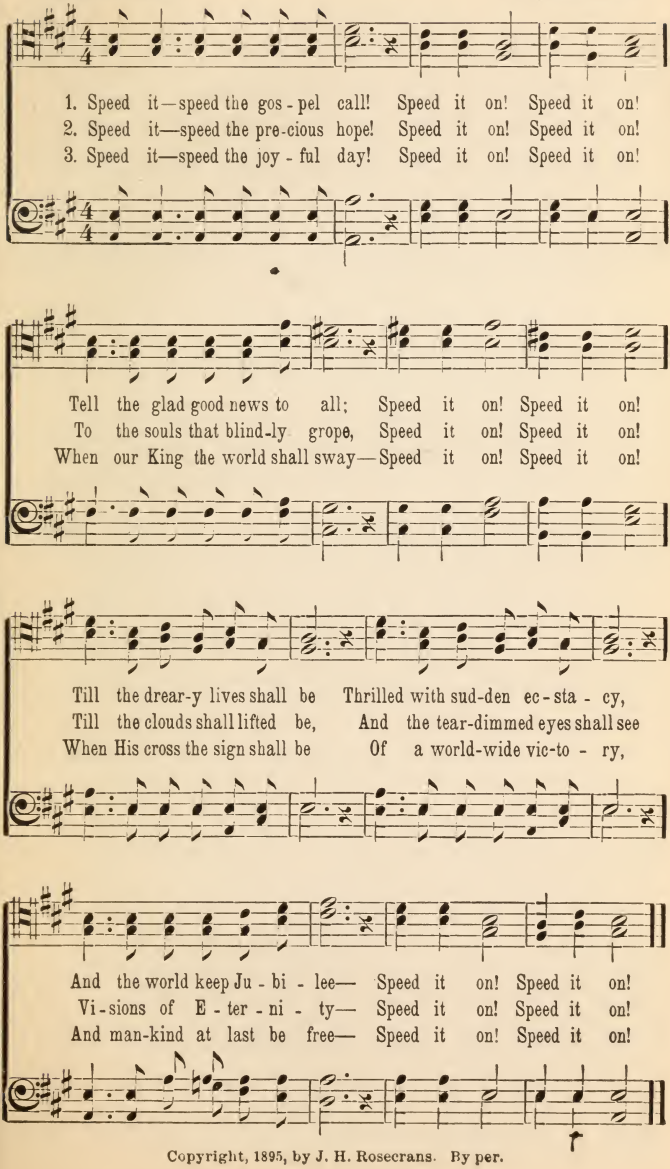
No. 42. Speed it On.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. Speed it—speed the gos-pel call! Speed it on! Speed it on!
2. Speed it—speed the pre-cious hope! Speed it on! Speed it on!
3. Speed it—speed the joy-ful day! Speed it on! Speed it on!
Tell the glad good news to all; Speed it on! Speed it on!
To the souls that blind-ly grope, Speed it on! Speed it on!
When our King the world shall sway—Speed it on! Speed it on!
Till the drear-y lives shall be Thrilled with sud-den ec-sta-cy,
Till the clouds shall lifted be, And the tear-dimmed eyes shall see
When His cross the sign shall be Of a world-wide vic-to-ry,
And the world keep Ju-bi-lee— Speed it on! Speed it on!
Vi-sions of E-ter-ni-ty— Speed it on! Speed it on!
And man-kind at last be free— Speed it on! Speed it on!

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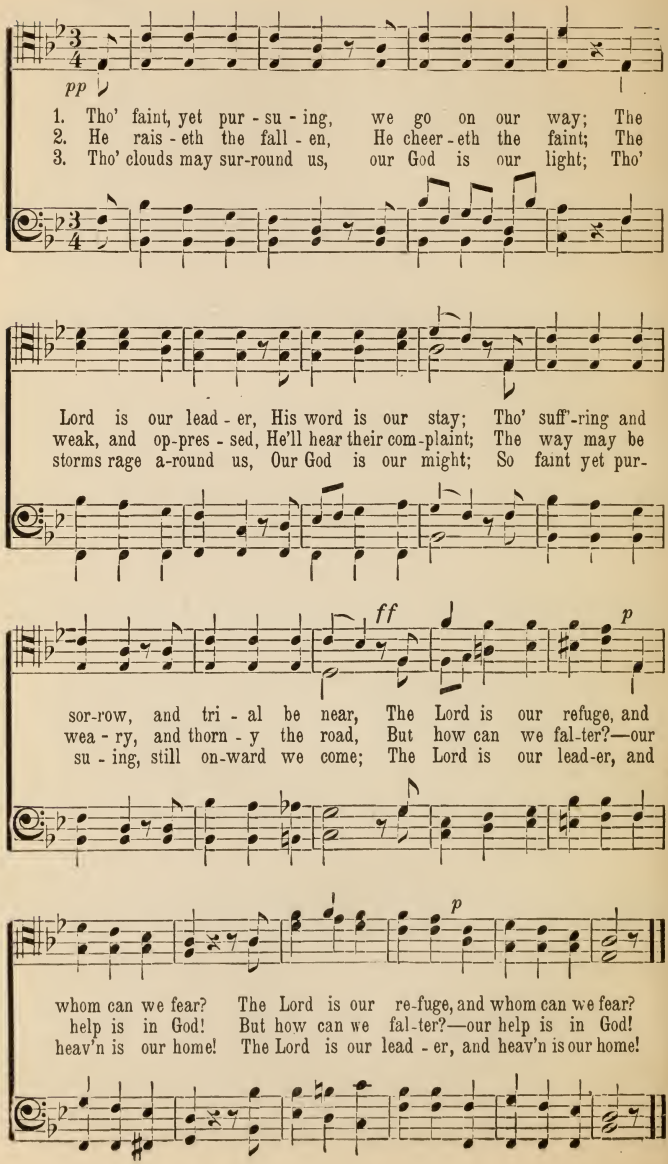
No. 43. Though Faint, Yet Pursuing.

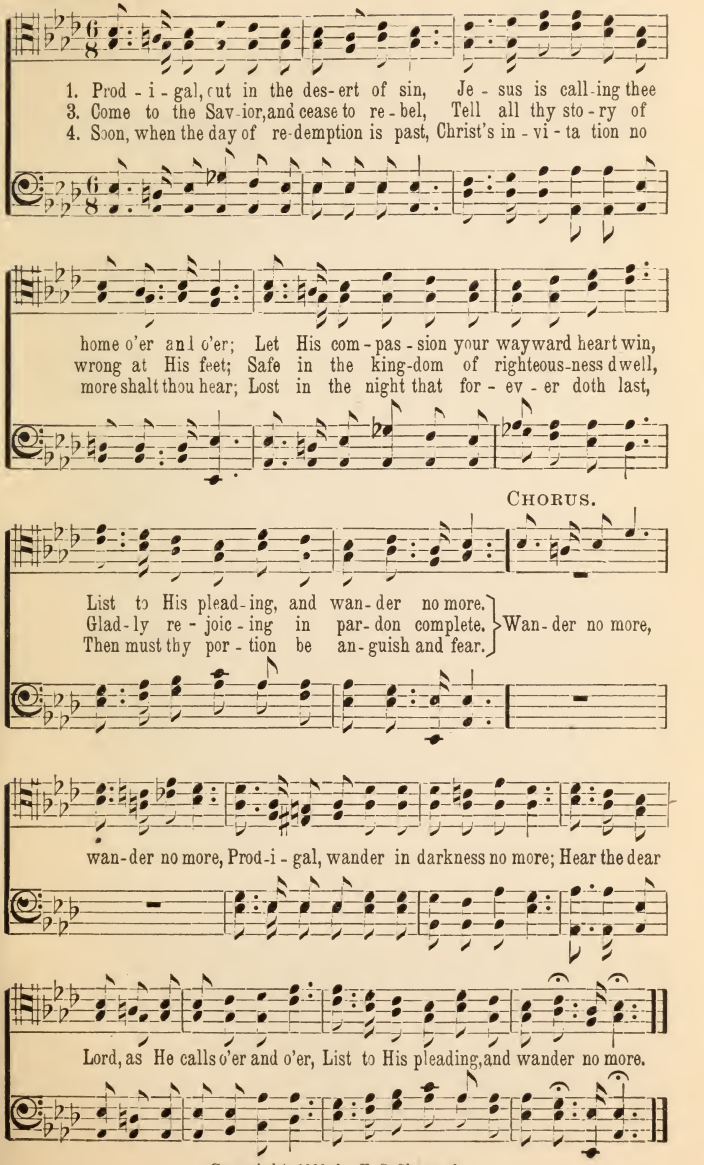
JOHN N. DARBY. THOS. KOSCHAT.

Andante.


pp
1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, He cheer - eth the faint; The
3. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho'
Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay; Tho' suff'-ring and
weak, and op-pres - sed, He'll hear their com-plaint; The way may be
storms rage a-round us, Our God is our might; So faint yet pur-
ff
p
sor-row, and tri - al be near, The Lord is our refuge, and
wea - ry, and thorn - y the road, But how can we fal-ter?—our
su - ing, still on-ward we come; The Lord is our lead-er, and
p
whom can we fear? The Lord is our re-fuge, and whom can we fear?
help is in God! But how can we fal-ter?—our help is in God!
heav'n is our home! The Lord is our lead - er, and heav'n is our home!

No. 44. Wander no More.

JENNIE WILSON. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Prod - i - gal, cut in the des-ert of sin, Je - sus is call-ing thee
3. Come to the Sav-ior, and cease to re - bel, Tell all thy sto-ry of
4. Soon, when the day of re-demption is past, Christ's in - vi - ta tion no
home o'er and o'er; Let His com - pas - sion your wayward heart win,
wrong at His feet; Safe in the king-dom of righteous-ness dwell,
more shalt thou hear; Lost in the night that for - ev - er doth last,
CHORUS.
List to His plead-ing, and wan-der no more.
Glad-ly re - joic - ing in par-don complete.
Then must thy por - tion be an-guish and fear.
Wan-der no more,
wan-der no more, Prod-i - gal, wander in darkness no more; Hear the dear
Lord, as He calls o'er and o'er, List to His pleading, and wander no more.

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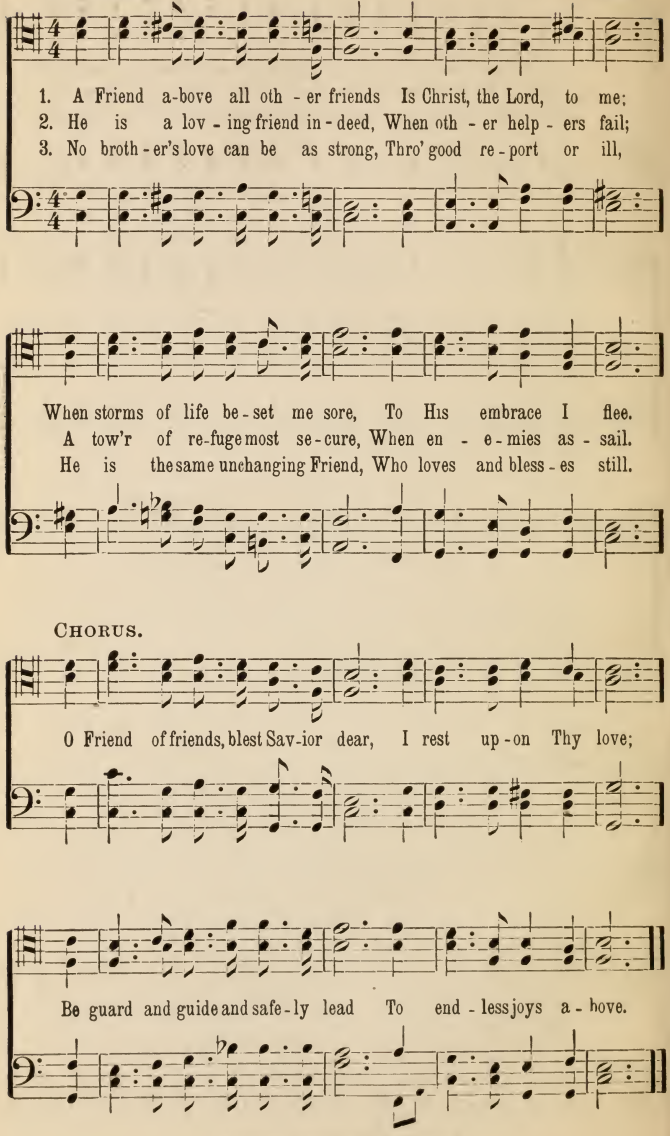
No. 45. O Friend of Friends.

F. S. SHEPARD. J. L. B. JONES.


1. A Friend a-bove all oth - er friends Is Christ, the Lord, to me;
2. He is a lov - ing friend in - deed, When oth - er help - ers fail;
3. No broth - er's love can be as strong, Thro' good re - port or ill,
When storms of life be - set me sore, To His embrace I flee.
A tow'r of re-fuge most se - cure, When en - e - mies as - sail.
He is the same unchanging Friend, Who loves and bless - es still.
CHORUS.
O Friend of friends, blest Sav-ior dear, I rest up - on Thy love;
Be guard and guide and safe - ly lead To end - less joys a - bove.

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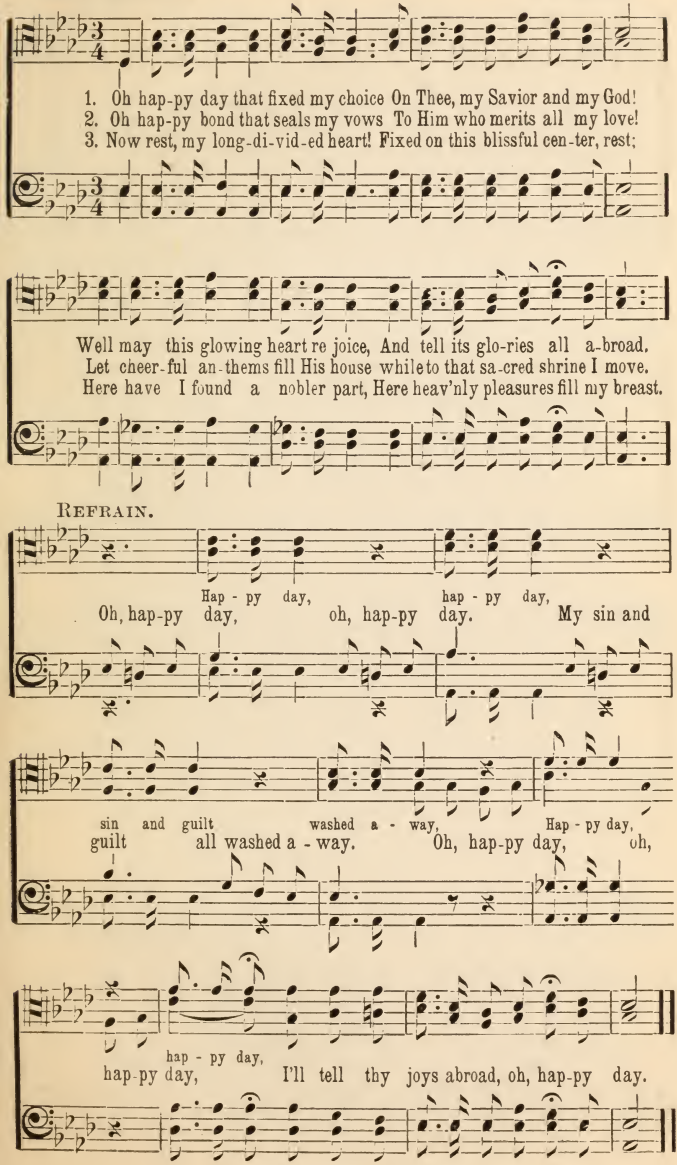
No. 46. Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Oh hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God!
2. Oh hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
3. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart! Fixed on this blissful cen-ter, rest;
Well may this glowing heart re joice, And tell its glo-ries all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house while to that sa-cred shrine I move.
Here have I found a nobler part, Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.
REFRAIN.
Hap - py day, hap - py day,
Oh, hap-py day, oh, hap-py day. My sin and
sin and guilt washed a - way, Hap - py day,
guilt all washed a - way. Oh, hap-py day, oh,
hap - py day,
hap-py day, I'll tell thy joys abroad, oh, hap-py day.

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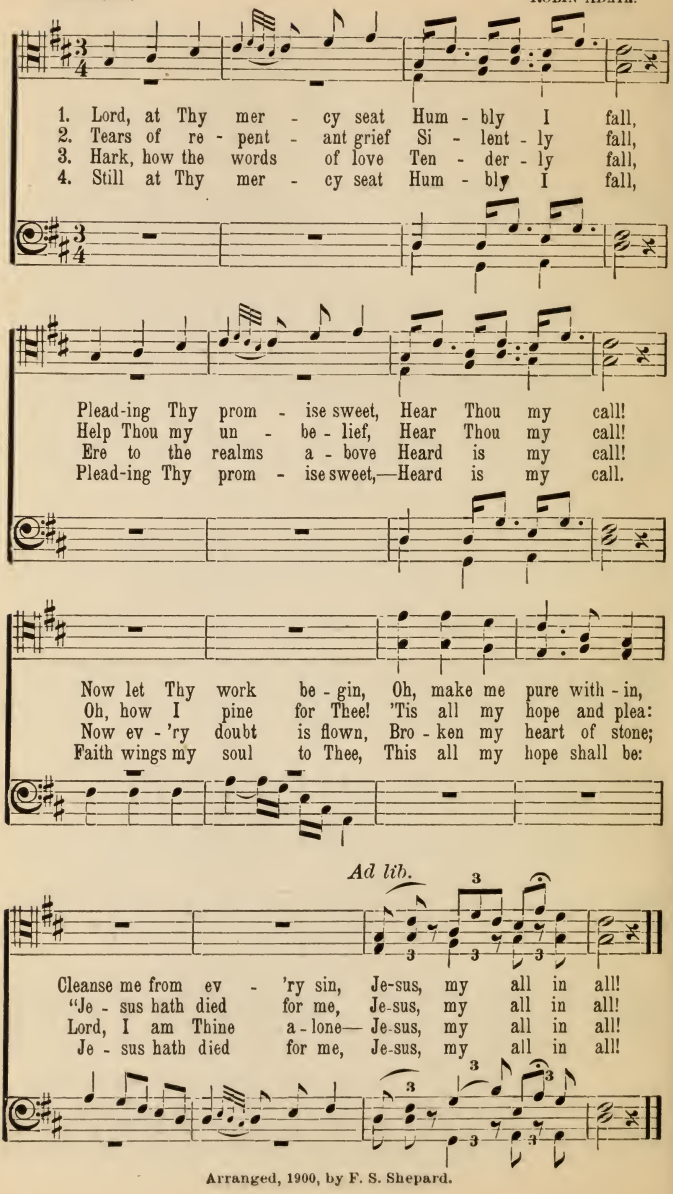
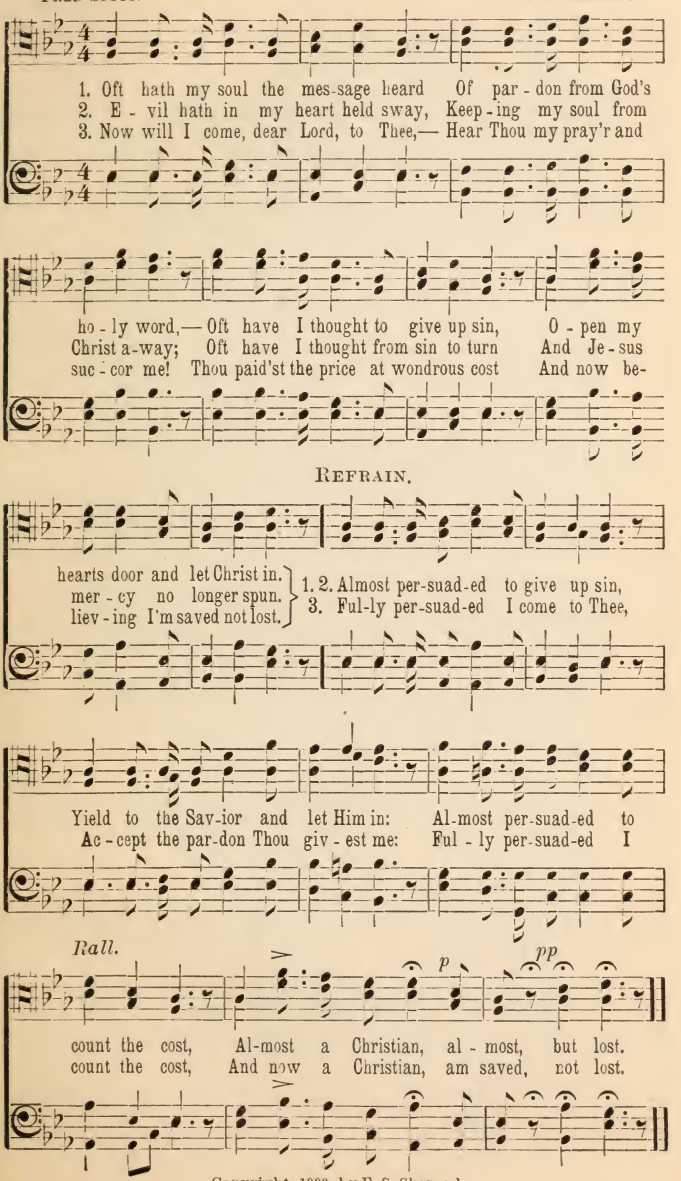
No. 47. Jesus, My All.

ARRANGED. ROBIN ADAIR.

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy seat Hum - bly I fall,
2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall,
3. Hark, how the words of love Ten - der - ly fall,
4. Still at Thy mer - cy seat Hum - bly I fall,
Plead-ing Thy prom - ise sweet, Hear Thou my call!
Help Thou my un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call!
Ere to the realms a - bove Heard is my call!
Plead-ing Thy prom - ise sweet,—Heard is my call.
Now let Thy work be - gin, Oh, make me pure with - in,
Oh, how I pine for Thee! 'Tis all my hope and plea:
Now ev - 'ry doubt is flown, Bro - ken my heart of stone;
Faith wings my soul to Thee, This all my hope shall be:
Ad lib.
Cleanse me from ev - 'ry sin, Je-sus, my all in all!
"Je - sus hath died for me, Je-sus, my all in all!
Lord, I am Thine a - lone— Je-sus, my all in all!
Je - sus hath died for me, Je-sus, my all in all!

Arranged, 1900, by F. S. Shepard.

No. 48. Almost Persuaded.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Oft hath my soul the mes-sage heard Of par - don from God's
2. E - vil hath in my heart held sway, Keep - ing my soul from
3. Now will I come, dear Lord, to Thee,— Hear Thou my pray'r and
ho - ly word,— Oft have I thought to give up sin, O - pen my
Christ a-way; Oft have I thought from sin to turn And Je - sus
suc - cor me! Thou paid'st the price at wondrous cost And now be-
REFRAIN.
hearts door and let Christ in.
mer - cy no longer spun.
liev - ing I'm saved not lost.
1. 2. Almost per-suad-ed to give up sin,
3. Ful-ly per-suad-ed I come to Thee,
Yield to the Sav-ior and let Him in: Al-most per-suad-ed to
Ac - cept the par-don Thou giv - est me: Ful - ly per-suad-ed I
Rall.
p
pp
count the cost, Al-most a Christian, al - most, but lost.
count the cost, And now a Christian, am saved, not lost.

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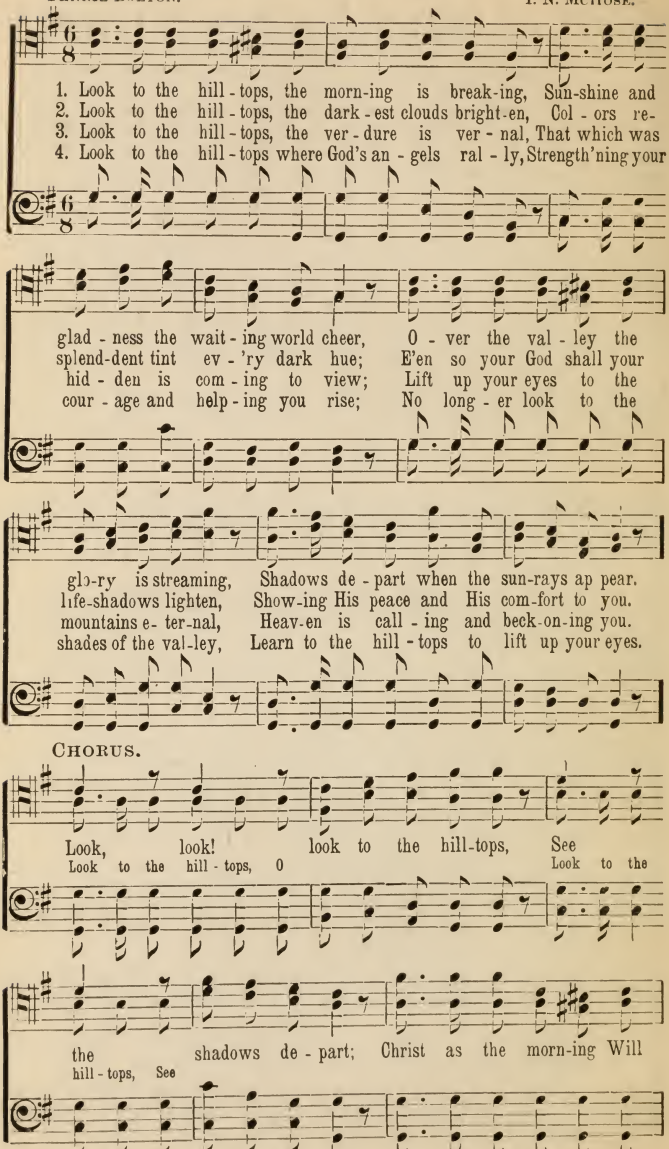
No. 49. Look to the Hill-Tops.

FANNIE BOLTON. I. N. McHOSE.


1. Look to the hill-tops, the morn-ing is break-ing, Sun-shine and
2. Look to the hill-tops, the dark-est clouds bright-en, Col-ors re-
3. Look to the hill-tops, the ver-dure is ver-nal, That which was
4. Look to the hill-tops where God's an-gels ral-ly, Strength'ning your
glad-ness the wait-ing world cheer, O-ver the val-ley the
splend-dent tint ev-'ry dark hue; E'en so your God shall your
hid-den is com-ing to view; Lift up your eyes to the
cour-age and help-ing you rise; No long-er look to the
glo-ry is streaming, Shadows de-part when the sun-rays ap pear.
life-shadows lighten, Show-ing His peace and His com-fort to you.
mountains e-ter-nal, Heav-en is call-ing and beck-on-ing you.
shades of the val-ley, Learn to the hill-tops to lift up your eyes.

CHORUS.

Look, look! look to the hill-tops, See
Look to the hill-tops, O
Look to the
the shadows de-part; Christ as the morn-ing Will
hill-tops, See

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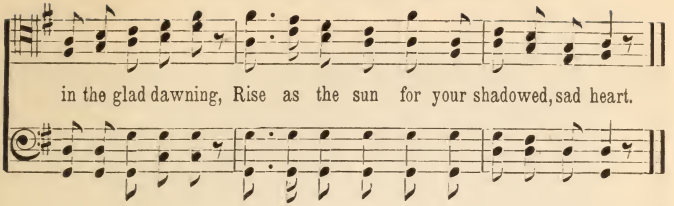
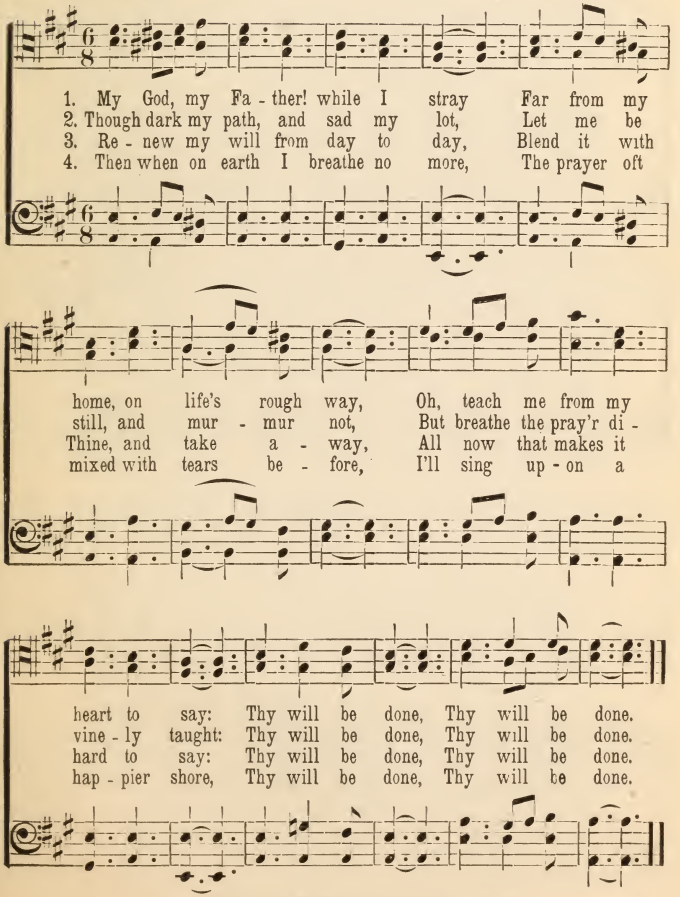

No. 50. Thy Will Be Done.

C. Elliott, Alt. I. V. Flagler.

1. My God, my Fa - ther! while I stray Far from my
2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be
3. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with
4. Then when on earth I breathe no more, The prayer oft
home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my
still, and mur - mur not, But breathe the pray'r di -
Thine, and take a - way, All now that makes it
mixed with tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a
heart to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
vine - ly taught: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
hard to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
hap - pier shore, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

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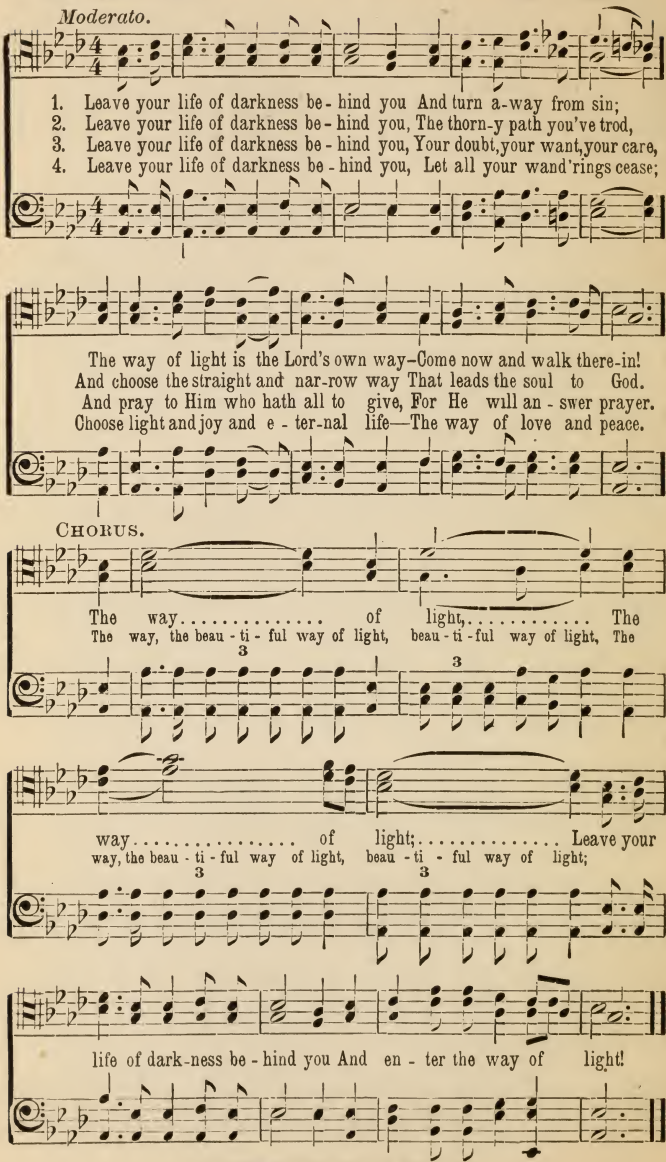
No. 51. The Way of Light.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Geo. W. Bacon.

Moderato.


1. Leave your life of darkness be - hind you And turn a-way from sin;
2. Leave your life of darkness be - hind you, The thorn-y path you've trod,
3. Leave your life of darkness be - hind you, Your doubt, your want, your care,
4. Leave your life of darkness be - hind you, Let all your wand'rings cease;
The way of light is the Lord's own way—Come now and walk there-in!
And choose the straight and nar-row way That leads the soul to God.
And pray to Him who hath all to give, For He will an - swer prayer.
Choose light and joy and e - ter-nal life—The way of love and peace.
Chorus.
The way..... of light,..... The
The way, the beau - ti - ful way of light, beau - ti - ful way of light, The
way..... of light;..... Leave your
way, the beau - ti - ful way of light, beau - ti - ful way of light;
life of dark-ness be - hind you And en - ter the way of light!

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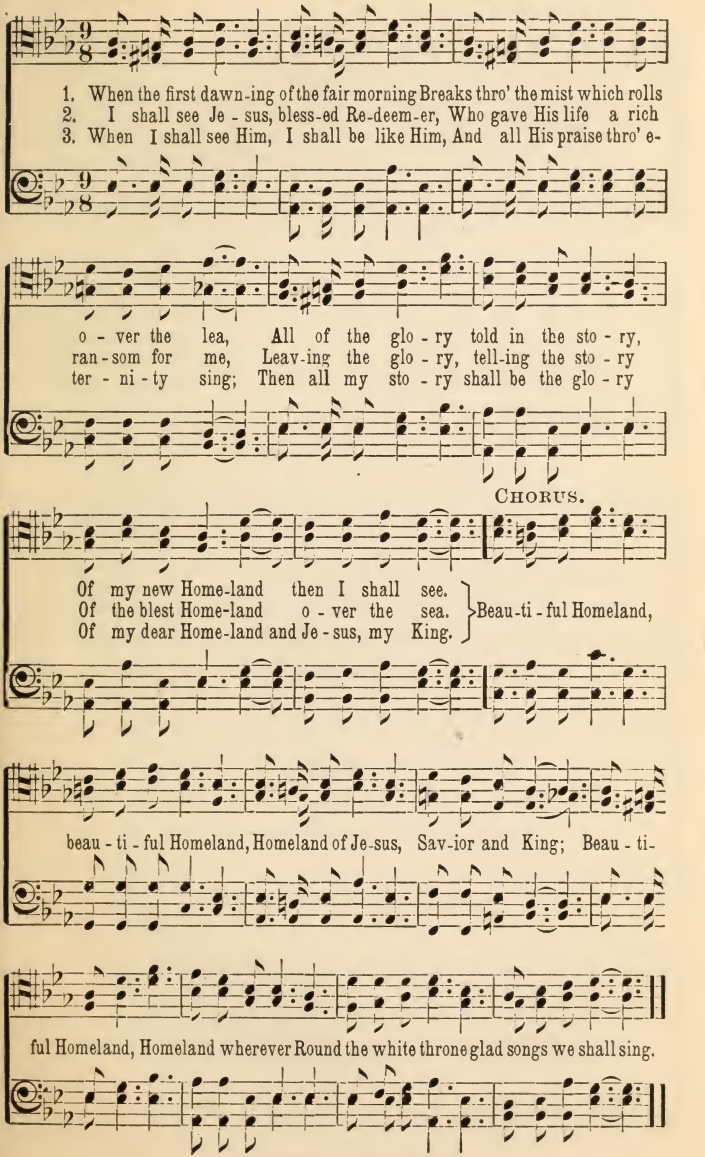
No. 52. Beautiful Homeland.

A. O. T. Alt. A. O. Tabor. Arr.

1. When the first dawn-ing of the fair morning Breaks thro' the mist which rolls
2. I shall see Je - sus, bless-ed Re-deem-er, Who gave His life a rich
3. When I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, And all His praise thro' e-
o - ver the lea, All of the glo - ry told in the sto - ry,
ran-som for me, Leav-ing the glo - ry, tell-ing the sto - ry
ter - ni - ty sing; Then all my sto - ry shall be the glo - ry
Chorus.
Of my new Home-land then I shall see.
Of the blest Home-land o - ver the sea.
Of my dear Home-land and Je - sus, my King.
Beau-ti - ful Homeland,
beau - ti - ful Homeland, Homeland of Je-sus, Sav-ior and King; Beau - ti-
ful Homeland, Homeland wherever Round the white throne glad songs we shall sing.

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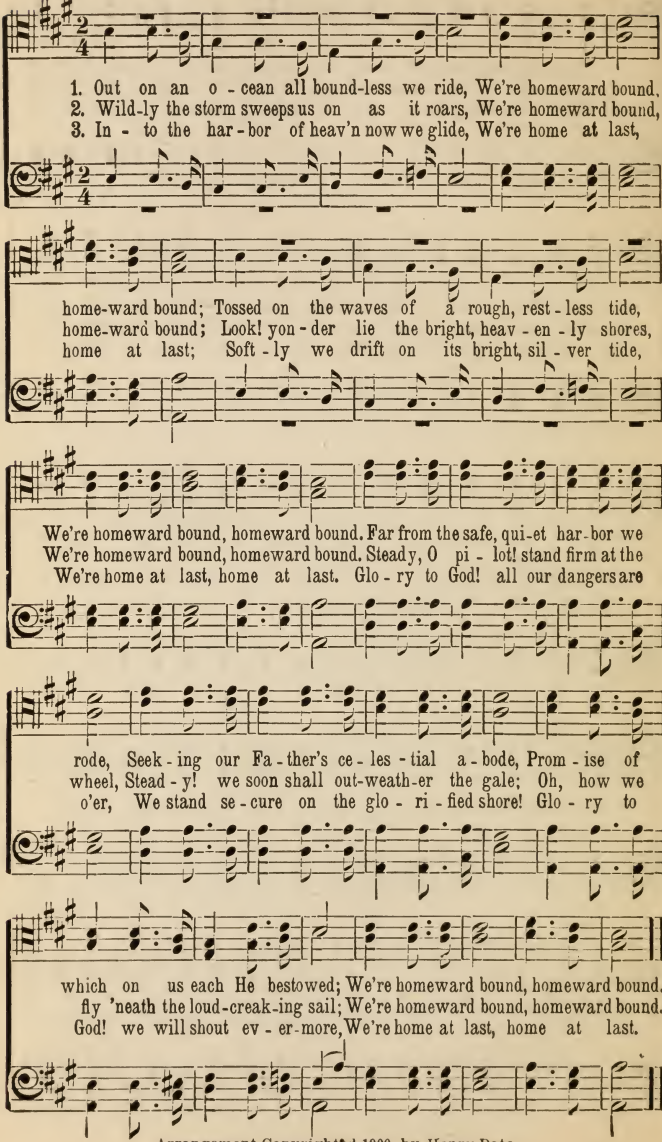
No. 53. Homeward Bound.

W. F. WARREN. C. S. HARRINGTON.

Melody in 2d Tenor.


1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound.
2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last,
home-ward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide,
home-ward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright, heav - en - ly shores,
home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright, sil - ver tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, qui-et har-bor we
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady, O pi - lot! stand firm at the
We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are
rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, Prom - ise of
wheel, Stead - y! we soon shall out-weath-er the gale; Oh, how we
o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore! Glo - ry to
which on us each He bestowed; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
fly 'neath the loud-creak-ing sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
God! we will shout ev - er-more, We're home at last, home at last.

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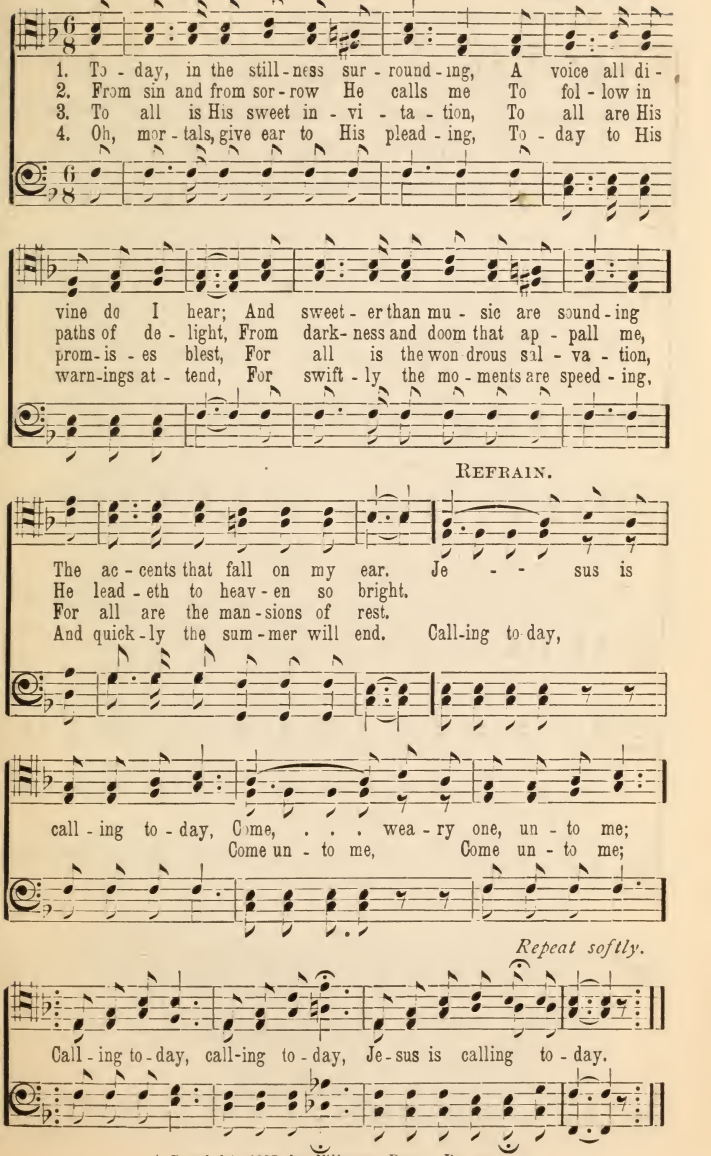
No. 54. Jesus is Calling To-day

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. To - day, in the still - ness sur - round - ing, A voice all di -
2. From sin and from sor - row He calls me To fol - low in
3. To all is His sweet in - vi - ta - tion, To all are His
4. Oh, mor - tals, give ear to His plead - ing, To - day to His
vine do I hear; And sweet - er than mu - sic are sound - ing
paths of de - light, From dark - ness and doom that ap - pall me,
prom - is - es blest, For all is the won - drous sal - va - tion,
warn - ings at - tend, For swift - ly the mo - ments are speed - ing,
REFRAIN.
The ac - cents that fall on my ear. Je - - - sus is
He lead - eth to heav - en so bright.
For all are the man - sions of rest.
And quick - ly the sum - mer will end. Call - ing to - day,
call - ing to - day, Come, . . . wea - ry one, un - to me;
Come un - to me, Come un - to me;
Repeat softly.
Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day, Je - sus is calling to - day.

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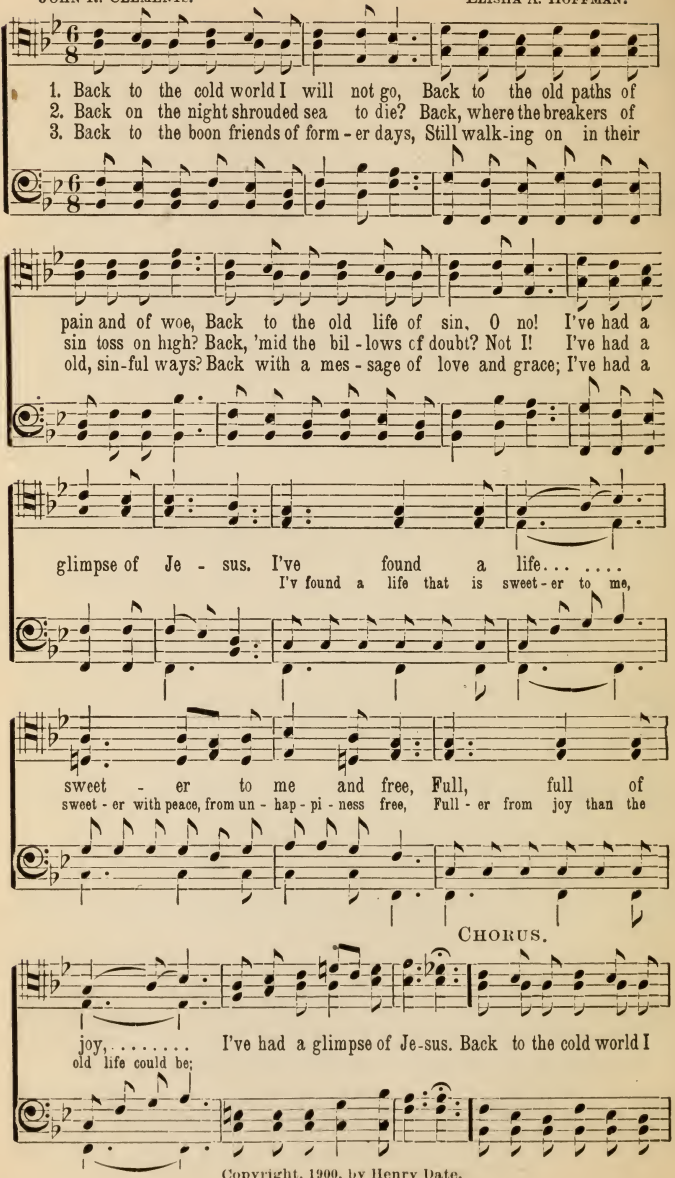
No. 55. I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of
2. Back on the night shrouded sea to die? Back, where the breakers of
3. Back to the boon friends of form - er days, Still walk-ing on in their
pain and of woe, Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a
sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the bil - lows of doubt? Not I! I've had a
old, sin-ful ways? Back with a mes - sage of love and grace; I've had a
glimpse of Je - sus. I've found a life. . . . .
I'v found a life that is sweet - er to me,
sweet - er to me and free, Full, full of
sweet - er with peace, from un - hap - pi - ness free, Full - er from joy than the
CHORUS.
joy, ... I've had a glimpse of Je-sus. Back to the cold world I
old life could be;

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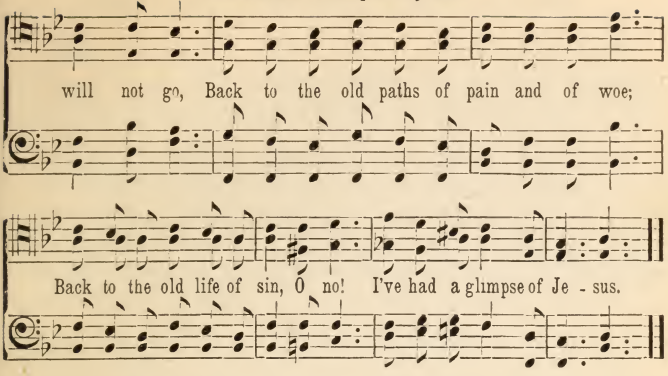
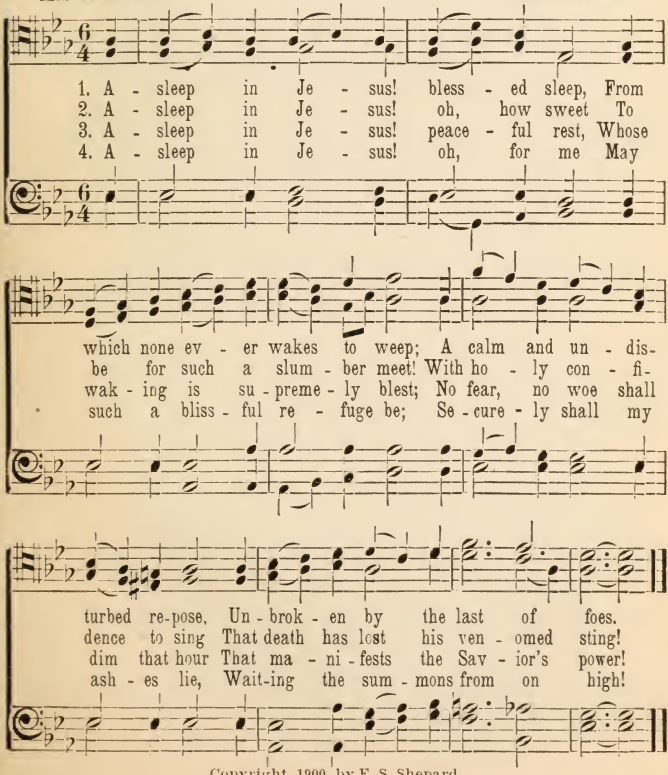


No. 56. Asleep In Jesus.

MRS. M. MACKAY. FR. SCHAEFER.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest, Whose wak - ing is su - preme - ly blest; No fear, no woe shall
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful re - fuge be; Se - cure - ly shall my
turbed re-pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
dence to sing That death has lost his ven - omed sting!
dim that hour That ma - ni - fests the Sav - ior's power!
ash - es lie, Wait-ing the sum - mons from on high!

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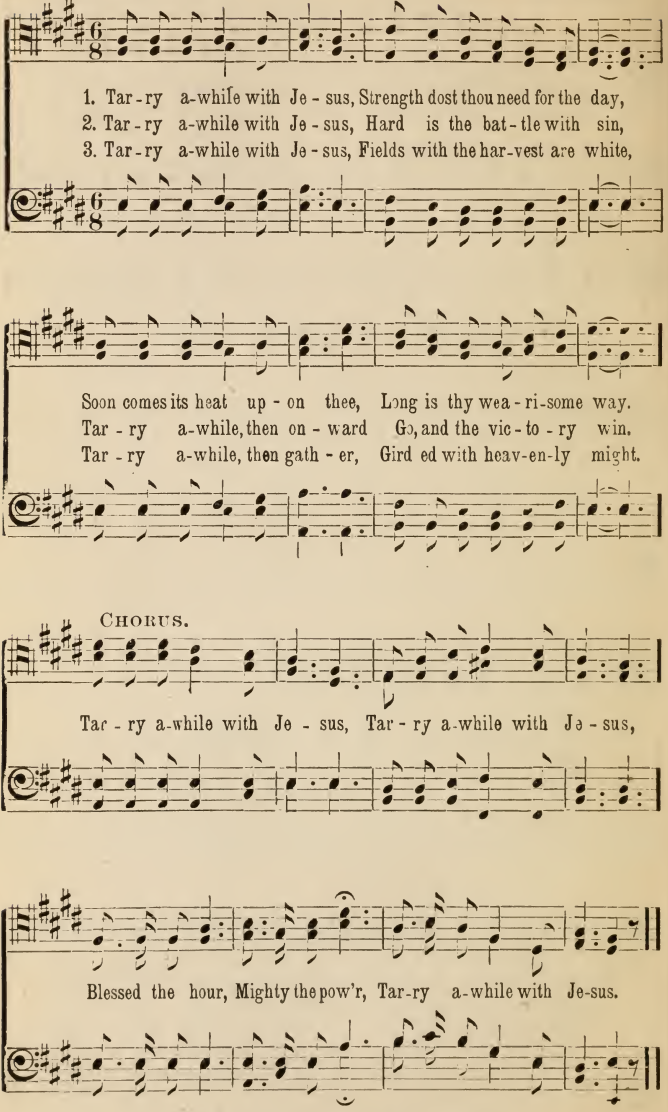
No. 57. Tarry Awhile With Jesus.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. FINLEY LYON.


1. Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Strength dost thou need for the day,
2. Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Hard is the bat - tle with sin,
3. Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Fields with the har-vest are white,
Soon comes its heat up - on thee, Long is thy wea - ri-some way.
Tar - ry a-while, then on - ward Go, and the vic - to - ry win.
Tar - ry a-while, then gath - er, Gird ed with heav-en-ly might.
CHORUS.
Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus,
Blessed the hour, Mighty the pow'r, Tar-ry a-while with Je-sus.

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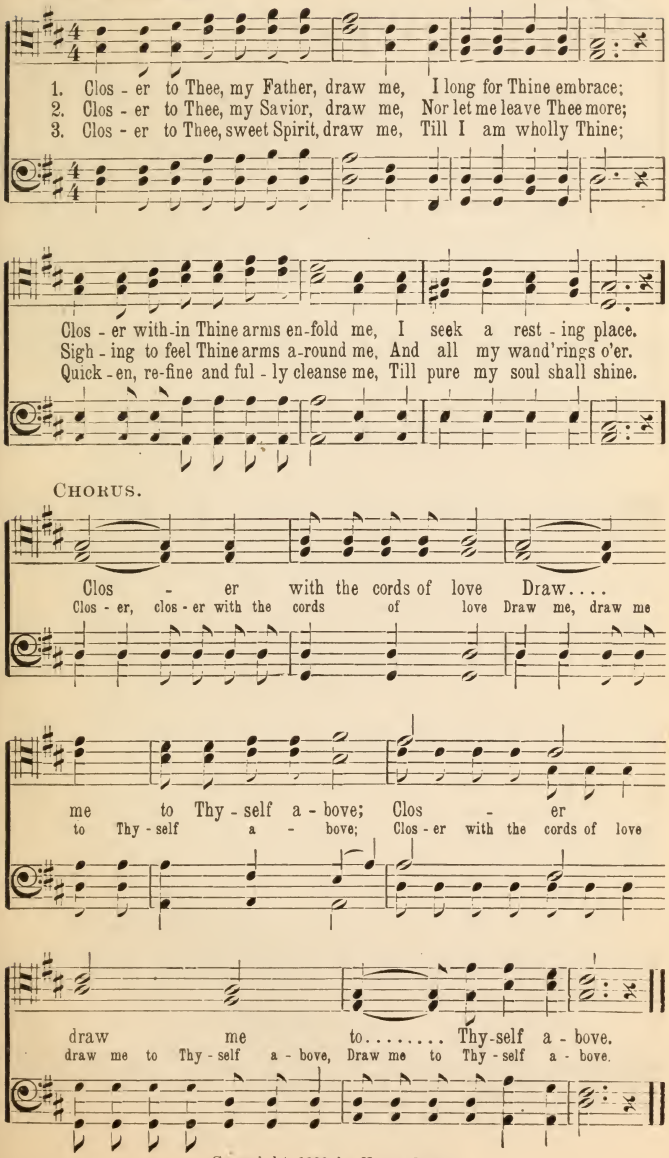
No. 58. Draw Me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNY.


1. Clos - er to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine embrace;
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Clos - er to Thee, sweet Spirit, draw me, Till I am wholly Thine;
Clos - er with-in Thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Sigh - ing to feel Thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
Quick - en, re-fine and ful - ly cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.
CHORUS.
Clos - er with the cords of love Draw....
Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love Draw me, draw me
me to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - er
to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love
draw me to..... Thy-self a - bove.
draw me to Thy - self a - bove, Draw me to Thy - self a - bove.

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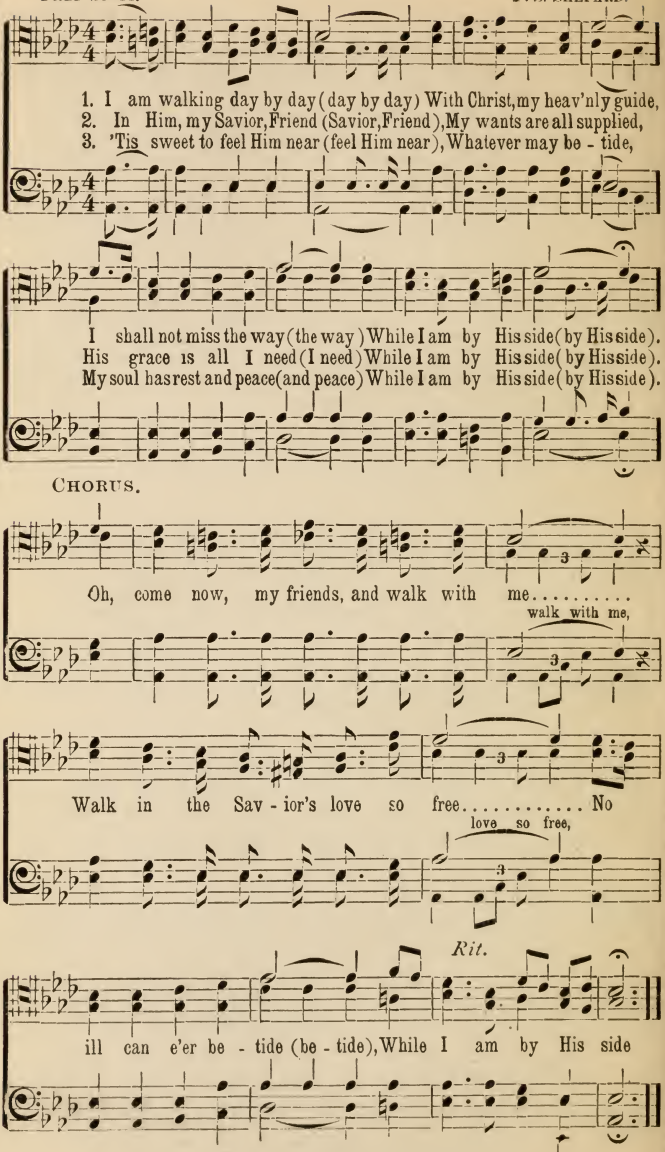
No. 59. While I am by His Side.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. I am walking day by day (day by day) With Christ, my heav'nly guide,
2. In Him, my Savior, Friend (Savior, Friend), My wants are all supplied,
3. 'Tis sweet to feel Him near (feel Him near), Whatever may be - tide,
I shall not miss the way (the way) While I am by His side (by His side).
His grace is all I need (I need) While I am by His side (by His side).
My soul has rest and peace (and peace) While I am by His side (by His side).
CHORUS.
Oh, come now, my friends, and walk with me.....
walk with me,
Walk in the Sav - ior's love so free..... No
love so free,
Rit.
ill can e'er be - tide (be - tide), While I am by His side

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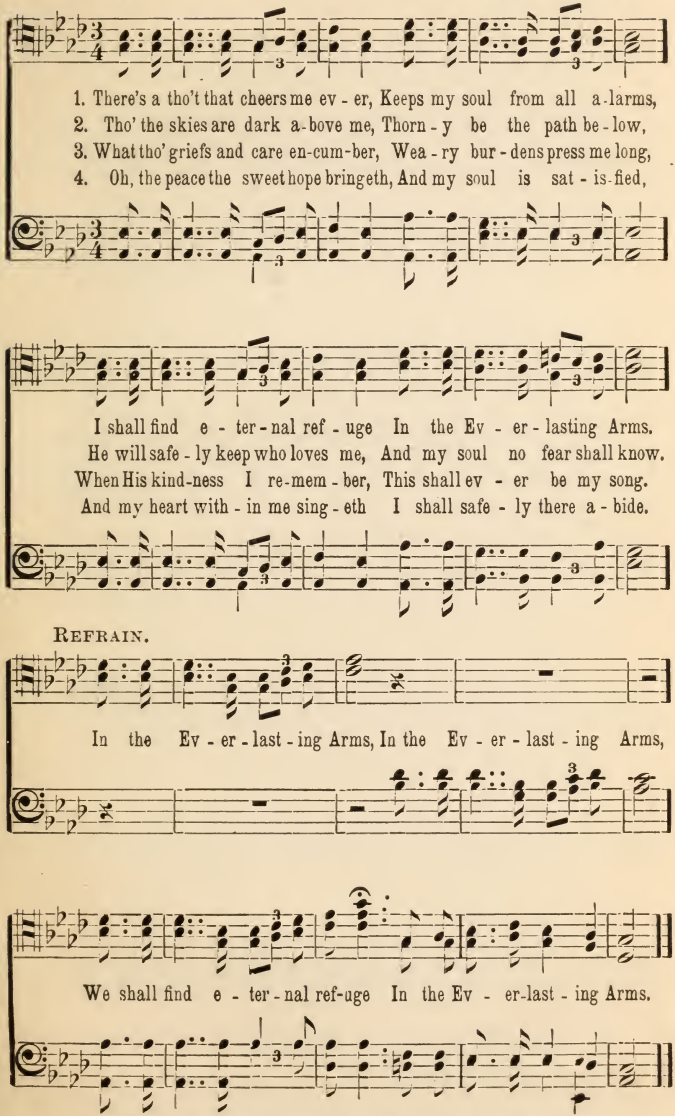
No. 60. The Everlasting Arms.

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a tho't that cheers me ev - er, Keeps my soul from all a - larms,
2. Tho' the skies are dark a - bove me, Thorn - y be the path be - low,
3. What tho' griefs and care en-cum-ber, Wea - ry bur - dens press me long,
4. Oh, the peace the sweet hope bringeth, And my soul is sat - is-fied,
I shall find e - ter - nal ref - uge In the Ev - er - lasting Arms.
He will safe - ly keep who loves me, And my soul no fear shall know.
When His kind-ness I re-mem - ber, This shall ev - er be my song.
And my heart with - in me sing - eth I shall safe - ly there a - bide.
REFRAIN.
In the Ev - er - last - ing Arms, In the Ev - er - last - ing Arms,
We shall find e - ter - nal ref-uge In the Ev - er-last - ing Arms.

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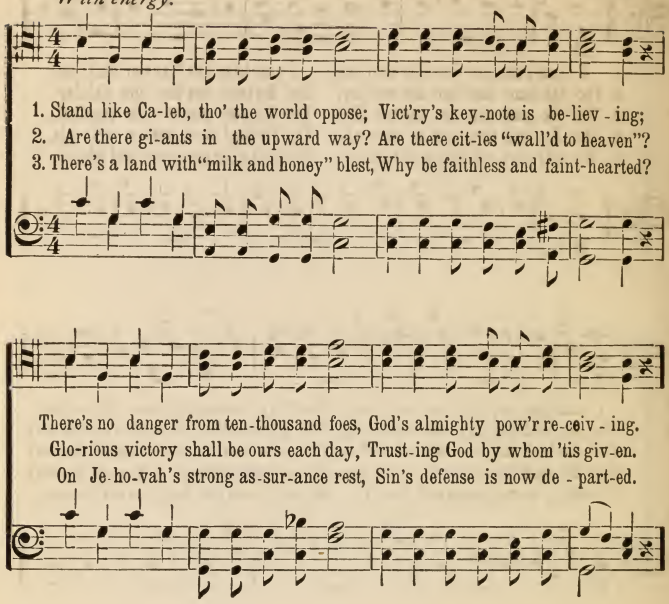
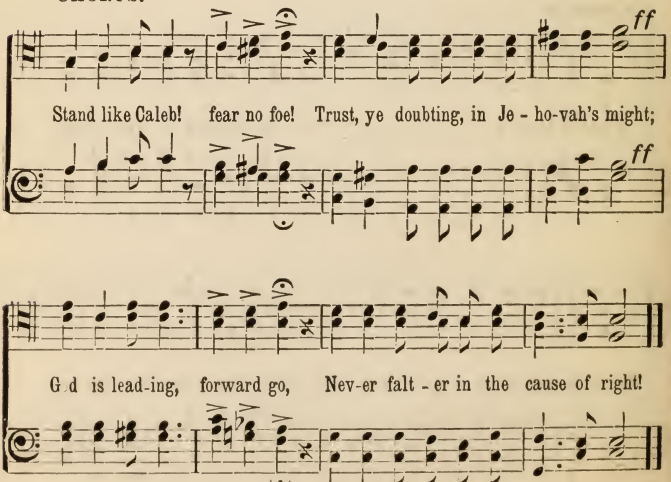
No. 61. Stand Like Caleb.

F. E. BELDEN. EDWIN BARNES.

With energy.


1. Stand like Ca-leb, tho' the world oppose; Vict'ry's key-note is be-liev - ing;
2. Are there gi-ants in the upward way? Are there cit-ies "wall'd to heaven"?
3. There's a land with "milk and honey" blest, Why be faithless and faint-hearted?
There's no danger from ten-thousand foes, God's almighty pow'r re-ceiv - ing.
Glo-rious victory shall be ours each day, Trust-ing God by whom 'tis giv-en.
On Je-ho-vah's strong as-sur-ance rest, Sin's defense is now de - part-ed.

CHORUS.


ff
Stand like Caleb! fear no foe! Trust, ye doubting, in Je - ho-vah's might;
ff
God is lead-ing, forward go, Nev-er falt - er in the cause of right!

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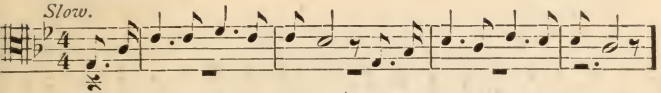
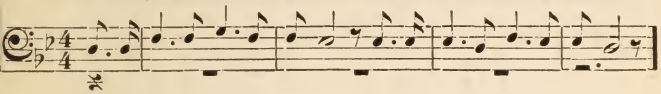
No. 62. Where He Leads Me.

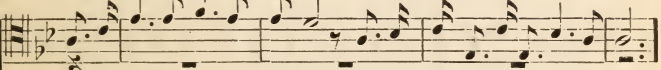
E. W. Blandly. Alt. Arranged.

Slow.

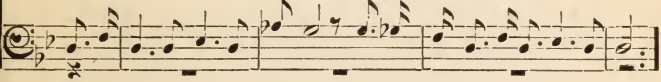


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear the Sav-ior call-ing,
2. Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' He lead me to the con-flict, Tho' He lead me to the con-flict,
4. Tho' He lead thro' fier-y tri - als, Tho' He lead thro' fier - y tri - als,
5. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

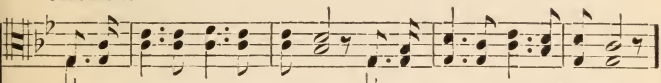




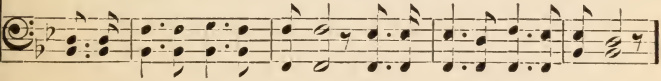
I can hear my Sav-ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' He lead me thro' the val - ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He lead me to the con - flict, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He lead thro' fier - y tri - als, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will keep me, keep me all the way.

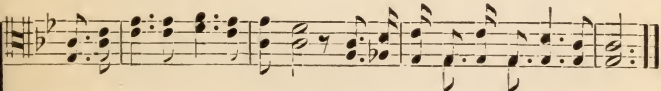


Chorus.

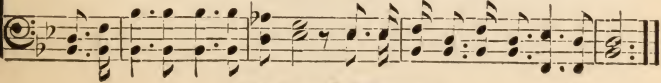


Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



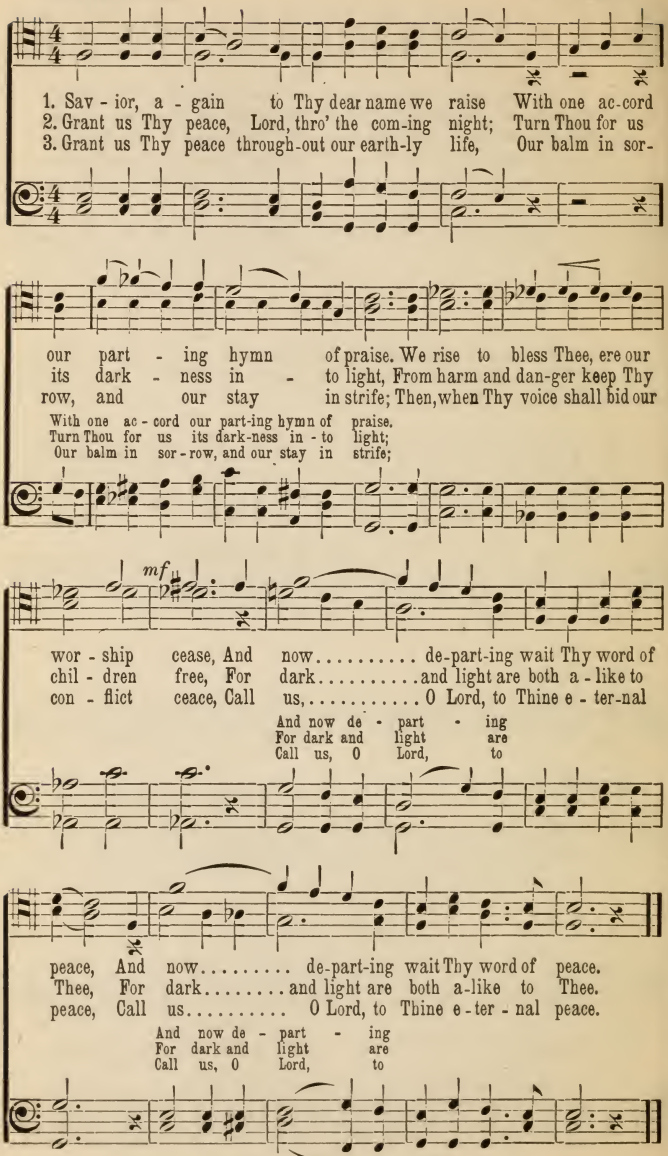


Where He leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.



Arranged by F. S. Shepard.

No. 63. Parting Hymn.

JOHN ELLERTON. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord
2. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for us
3. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor-
our part - ing hymn of praise. We rise to bless Thee, ere our
its dark - ness in - to light, From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
With one ac - cord our part-ing hymn of praise.
Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;
Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;
mf
wor - ship cease, And now..... de-part-ing wait Thy word of
chil - dren free, For dark.....and light are both a - like to
con - flict ceace, Call us,.....O Lord, to Thine e - ter-nal
And now de - part - ing
For dark and light are
Call us, O Lord, to
peace, And now..... de-part-ing wait Thy word of peace.
Thee, For dark.....and light are both a-like to Thee.
peace, Call us..... O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.
And now de - part - ing
For dark and light are
Call us, O Lord, to

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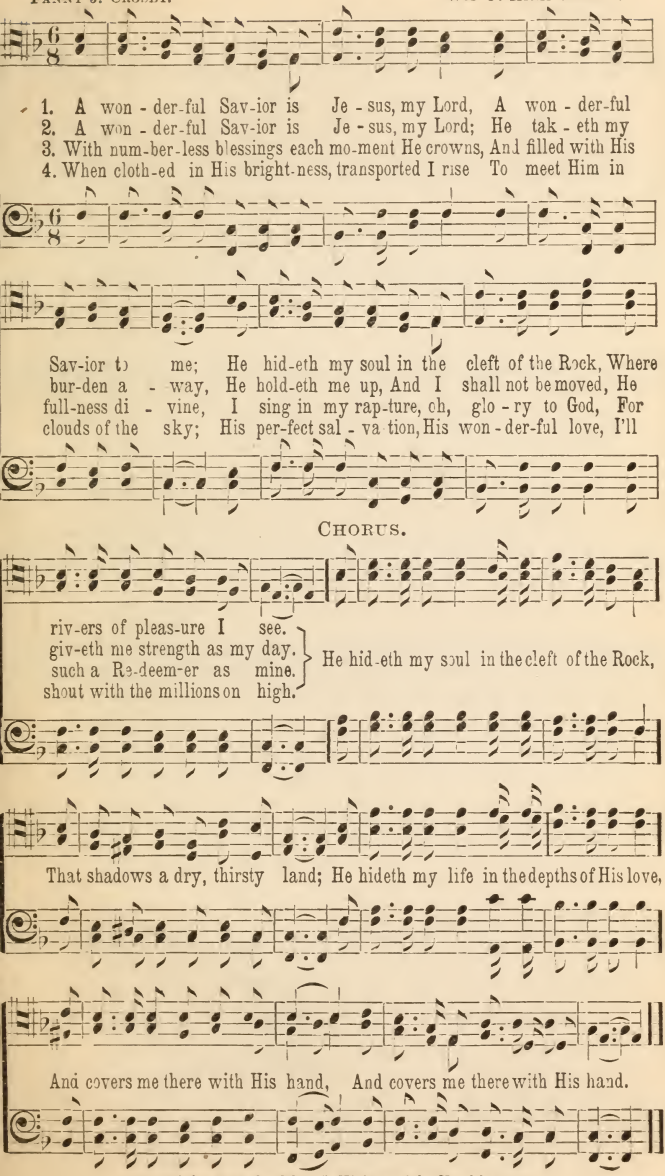
No. 64. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. A won - der-ful Sav-ior is Je - sus, my Lord, A won - der-ful
2. A won - der-ful Sav-ior is Je - sus, my Lord; He tak - eth my
3. With num-ber-less blessings each mo-ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When cloth-ed in His bright-ness, transported I rise To meet Him in
Sav-ior to me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the Rock, Where
bur-den a - way, He hold-eth me up, And I shall not be moved, He
full-ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God, For
clouds of the sky; His per-fect sal - va-tion, His won - der-ful love, I'll
CHORUS.
riv-ers of pleas-ure I see.
giv-eth me strength as my day.
such a Re-deem-er as mine.
shout with the millions on high.
He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the Rock,
That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

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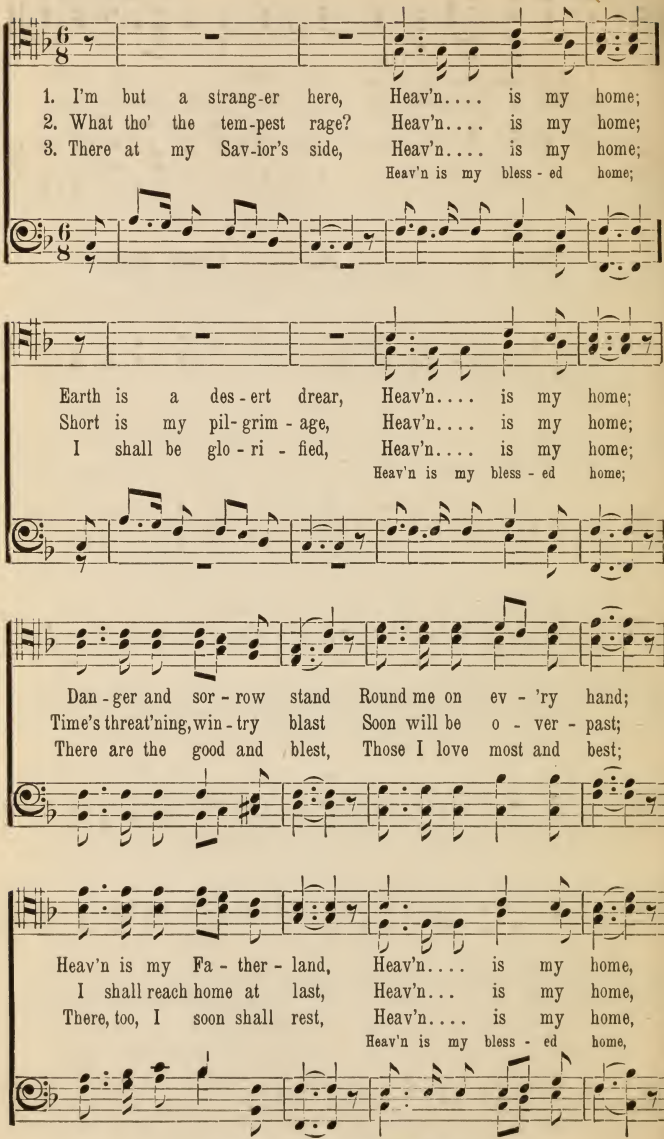
No. 65. Heaven is my Home.

J. R. TAYLOR, Alt. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n.... is my home;
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage? Heav'n.... is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n.... is my home;
Heav'n is my bless-ed home;
Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n.... is my home;
Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n.... is my home;
I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n.... is my home;
Heav'n is my bless-ed home;
Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand;
Time's threat'ning, win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past;
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best;
Heav'n is my Fa-ther-land, Heav'n.... is my home,
I shall reach home at last, Heav'n.... is my home,
There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n.... is my home,
Heav'n is my bless-ed home,

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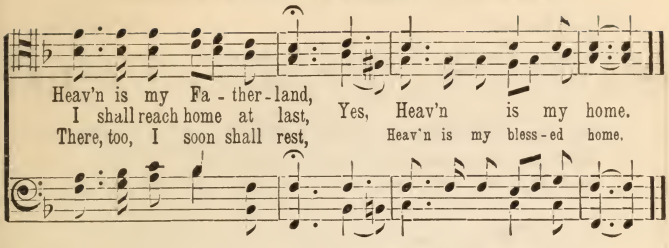
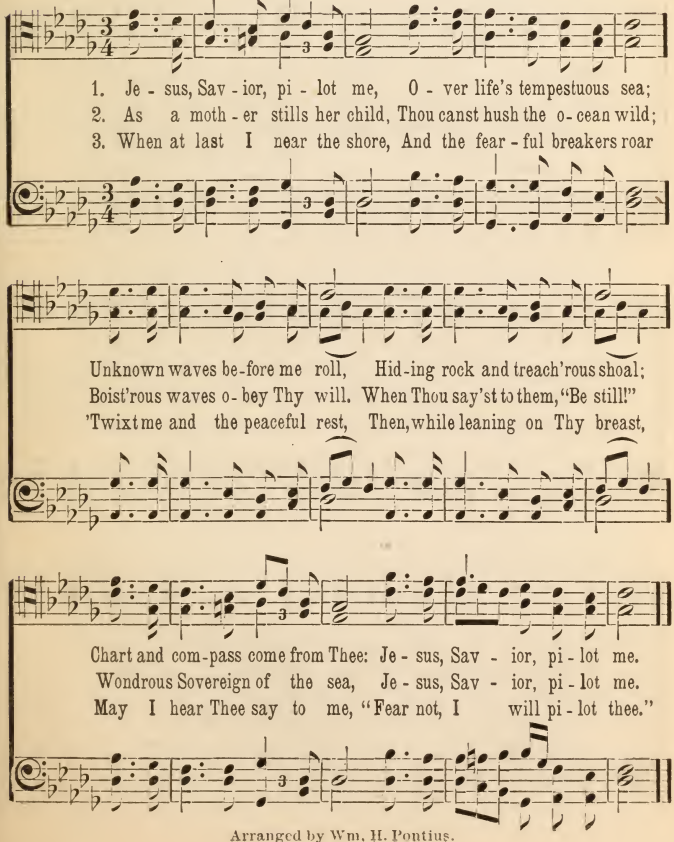

No. 66. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

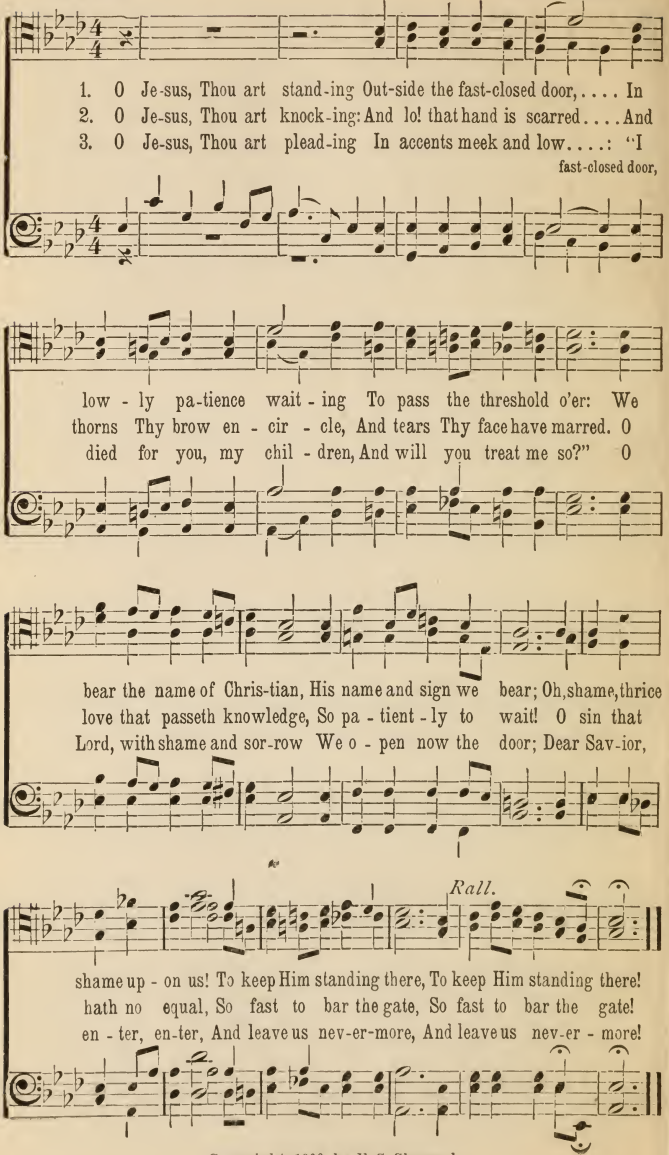
EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will. When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Arranged by Wm. H. Pontius.

No. 67. O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

W. W. How. FR. SCHAEFER.


1. O Je-sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door, ... In
2. O Je-sus, Thou art knock-ing: And lo! that hand is scarred .... And
3. O Je-sus, Thou art plead-ing In accents meek and low ....: "I
fast-closed door,
low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: We
thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred. O
died for you, my chil - dren, And will you treat me so?" O
bear the name of Chris-tian, His name and sign we bear; Oh, shame, thrice
love that passeth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait! O sin that
Lord, with shame and sor-row We o - pen now the door; Dear Sav-ior,
Rall.
shame up - on us! To keep Him standing there, To keep Him standing there!
hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate, So fast to bar the gate!
en - ter, en-ter, And leave us nev-er-more, And leave us nev-er - more!

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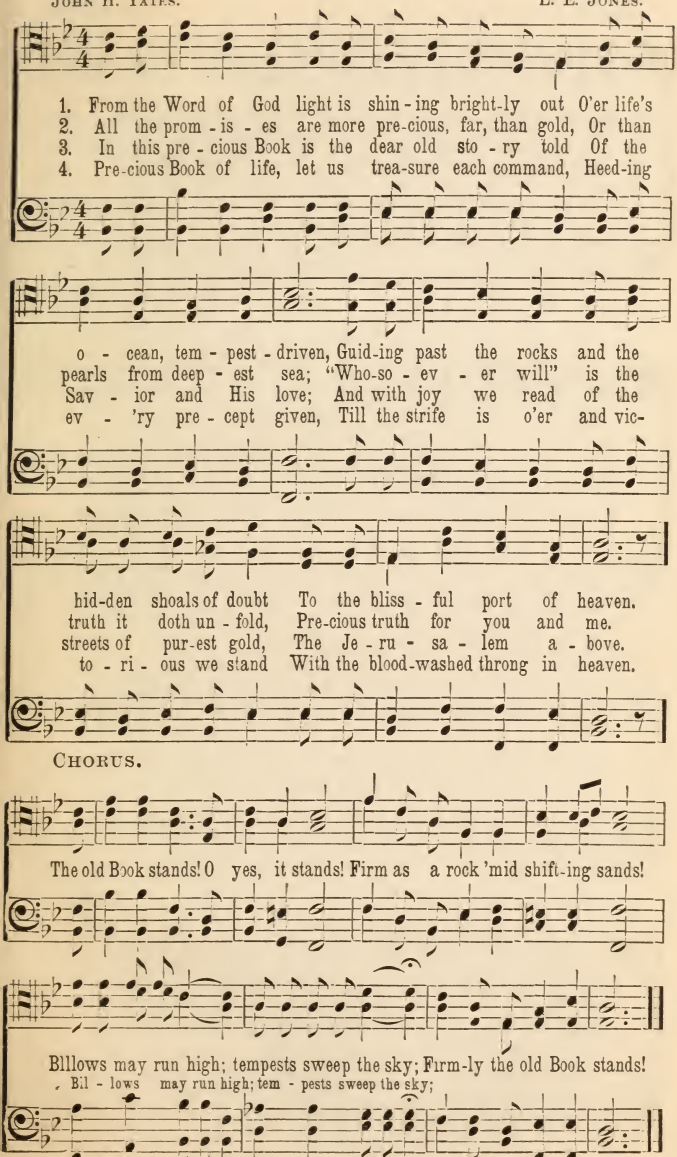
No. 68. The Old Book Stands.

JOHN H. YATES. L. E. JONES.


1. From the Word of God light is shin - ing bright-ly out O'er life's
2. All the prom - is - es are more pre-cious, far, than gold, Or than
3. In this pre - cious Book is the dear old sto - ry told Of the
4. Pre-cious Book of life, let us trea-sure each command, Heed-ing
o - cean, tem - pest - driven, Guid-ing past the rocks and the
pearls from deep - est sea; "Who-so - ev - er will" is the
Sav - ior and His love; And with joy we read of the
ev - 'ry pre - cept given, Till the strife is o'er and vic-
hid-den shoals of doubt To the bliss - ful port of heaven.
truth it doth un - fold, Pre-cious truth for you and me.
streets of pur-est gold, The Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.
to - ri - ous we stand With the blood-washed throng in heaven.

CHORUS.

The old Book stands! O yes, it stands! Firm as a rock 'mid shift-ing sands!
Billows may run high; tempests sweep the sky; Firm-ly the old Book stands!
Bil - lows may run high; tem - pests sweep the sky;

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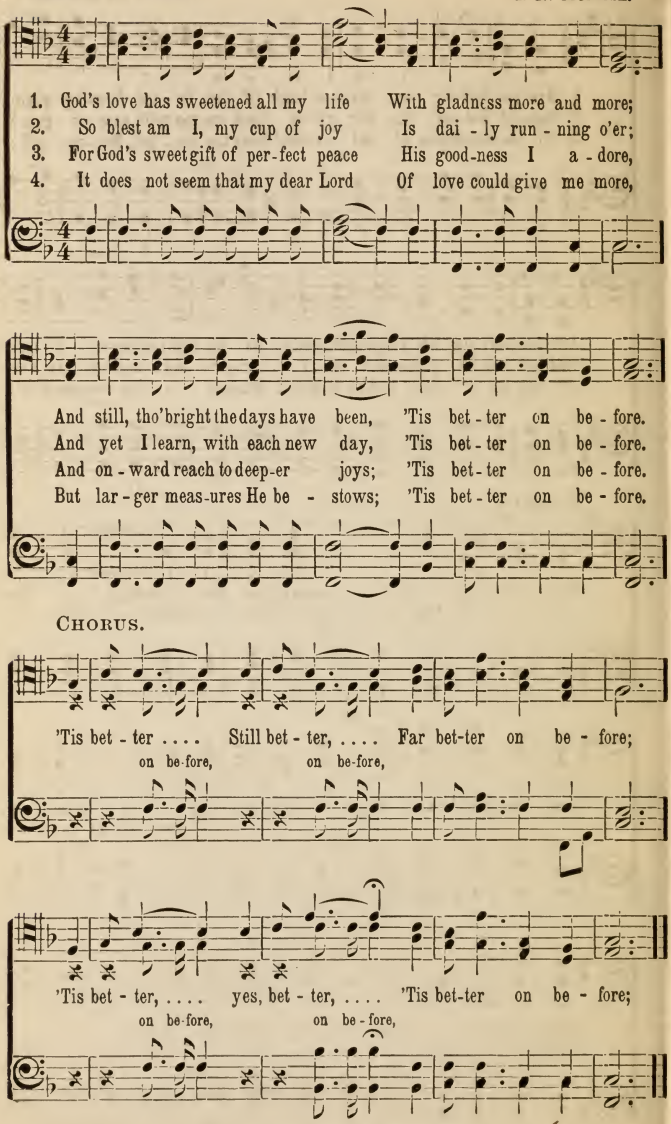
No. 69. 'Tis Better on Before.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN I. N. McHOSE.

1. God's love has sweetened all my life With gladness more and more;
2. So blest am I, my cup of joy Is dai - ly run - ning o'er;
3. For God's sweet gift of per-fect peace His good-ness I a - dore,
4. It does not seem that my dear Lord Of love could give me more,
And still, tho' bright the days have been, 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore.
And yet I learn, with each new day, 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore.
And on - ward reach to deep-er joys; 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore.
But lar - ger meas-ures He be - stows; 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore.
CHORUS.
'Tis bet - ter .... Still bet - ter, ... Far bet-ter on be - fore;
on be-fore, on be-fore,
'Tis bet - ter, ... yes, bet - ter, ... 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore;
on be-fore, on be-fore,

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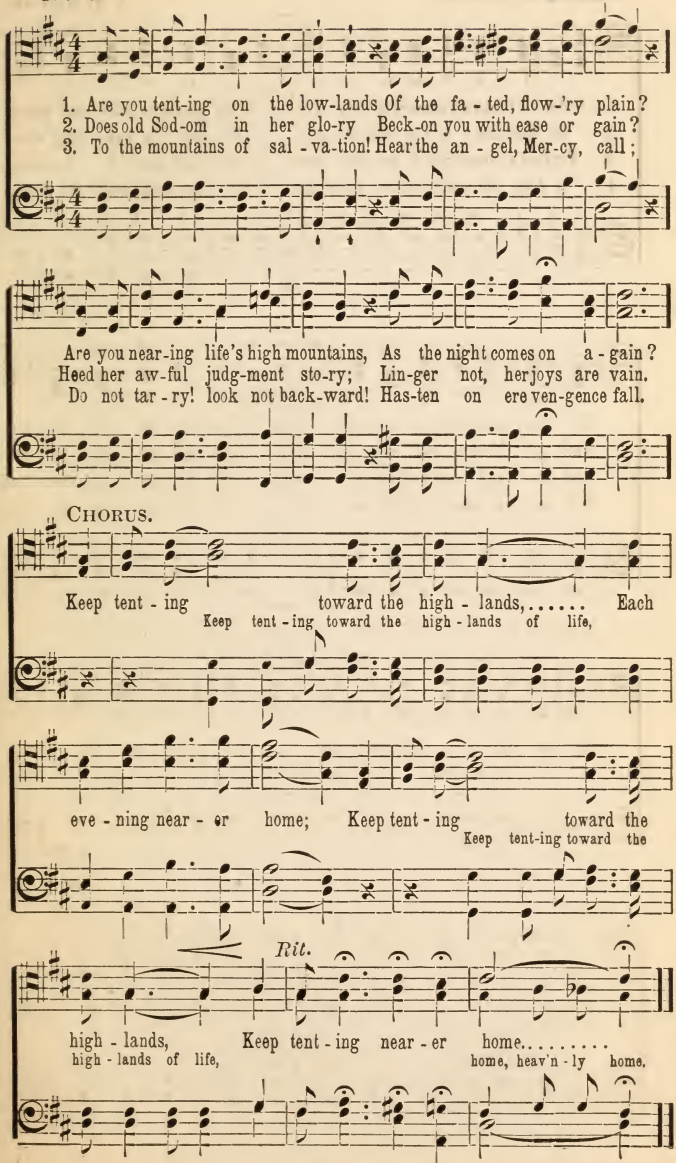
No. 70. Keep Tenting Toward the Highlands.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Are you tent-ing on the low-lands Of the fa - ted, flow-'ry plain?
2. Does old Sod-om in her glo-ry Beck-on you with ease or gain?
3. To the mountains of sal - va-tion! Hear the an - gel, Mer-cy, call;
Are you near-ing life's high mountains, As the night comes on a - gain?
Heed her aw-ful judg-ment sto-ry; Lin-ger not, her joys are vain.
Do not tar - ry! look not back-ward! Has-ten on ere ven-gence fall.
CHORUS.
Keep tent - ing toward the high - lands,..... Each
Keep tent - ing toward the high - lands of life,
eve - ning near - er home; Keep tent - ing toward the
Keep tent-ing toward the
Rit.
high - lands, Keep tent - ing near - er home.....
high - lands of life, home, heav'n - ly home.

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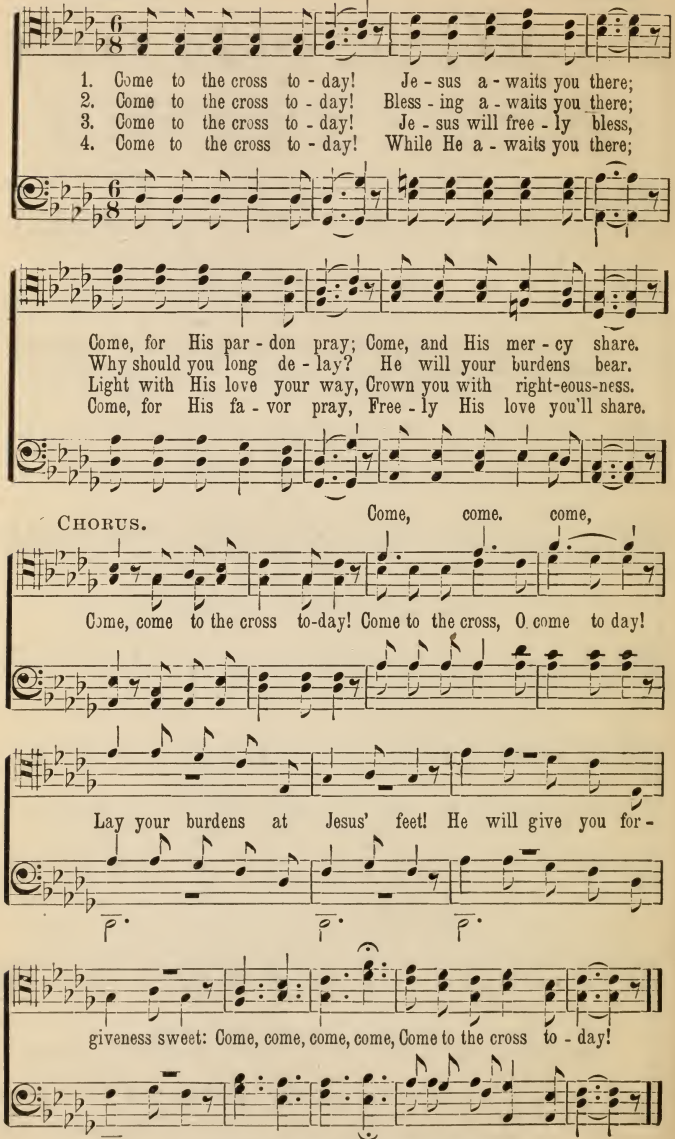
No. 71. Come to the Cross To-day.

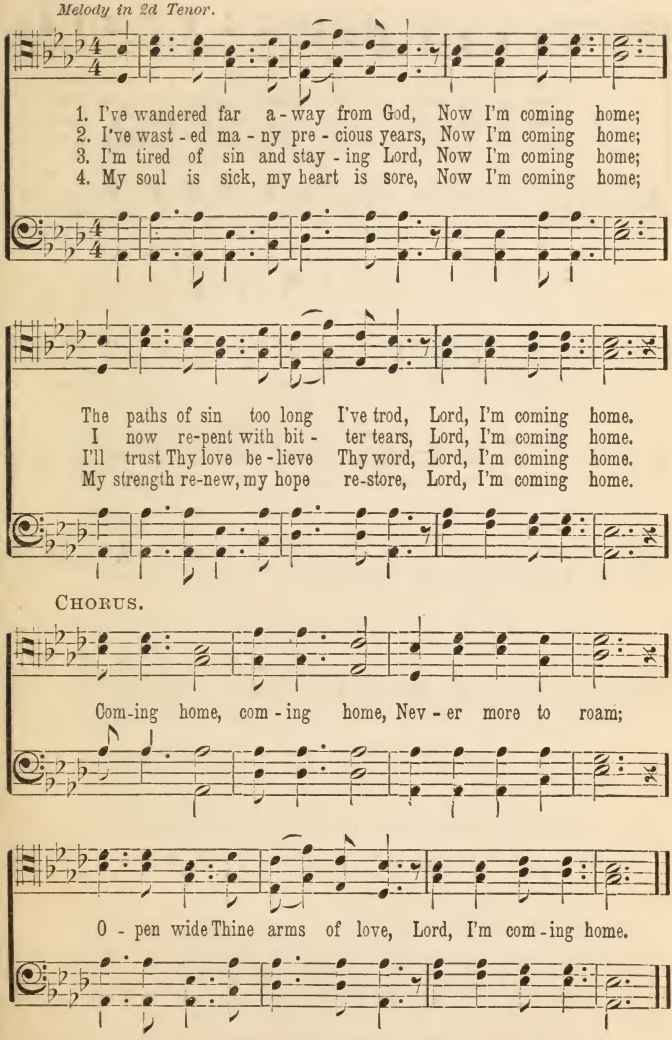
IDA L. REED. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Come to the cross to - day! Je - sus a - waits you there;
2. Come to the cross to - day! Bless - ing a - waits you there;
3. Come to the cross to - day! Je - sus will free - ly bless,
4. Come to the cross to - day! While He a - waits you there;
Come, for His par - don pray; Come, and His mer - cy share.
Why should you long de - lay? He will your burdens bear.
Light with His love your way, Crown you with right-eous-ness.
Come, for His fa - vor pray, Free - ly His love you'll share.
CHORUS.
Come, come, come,
Come, come to the cross to-day! Come to the cross, O come to day!
Lay your burdens at Jesus' feet! He will give you for -
giveness sweet: Come, come, come, come, Come to the cross to - day!

Copyright, 1894, by E. S. Lorenz. By per.

No. 72. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stay - ing Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
Chorus.
Com-ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

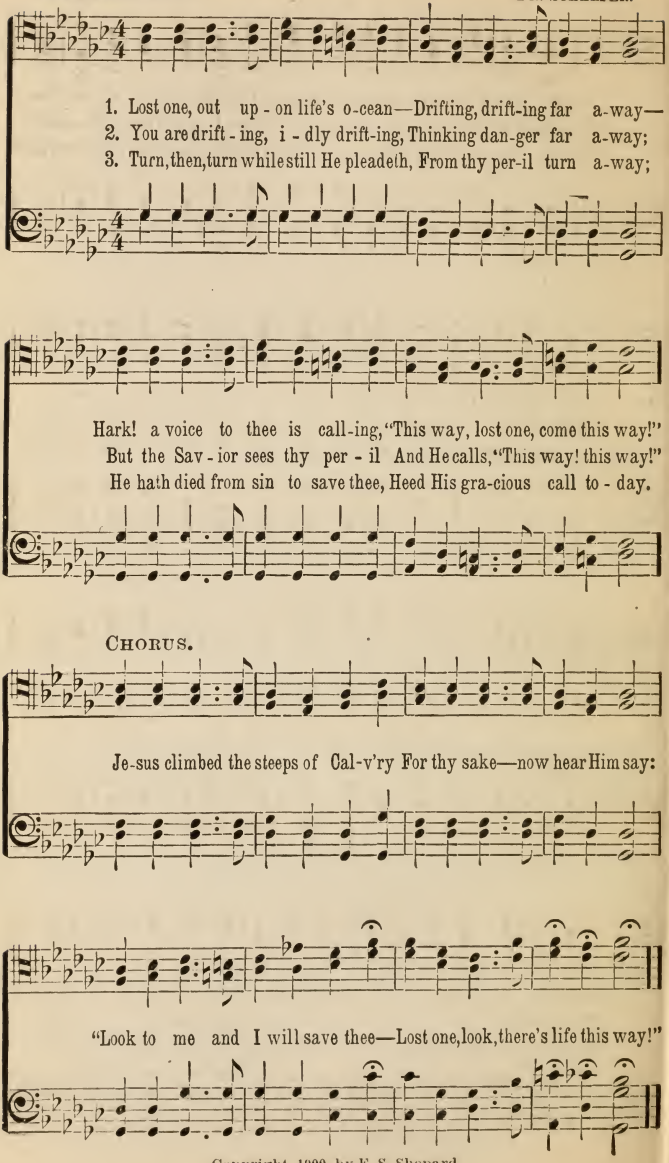
5 My only hope, my only plea.
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 73. This Way, Lost One.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD. FR. SCHAEFER.


1. Lost one, out up - on life's o-cean—Drifting, drift-ing far a-way—
2. You are drift - ing, i - dly drift-ing, Thinking dan-ger far a-way;
3. Turn, then, turn while still He pleadeth, From thy per-il turn a-way;
Hark! a voice to thee is call-ing, "This way, lost one, come this way!"
But the Sav - ior sees thy per - il And He calls, "This way! this way!"
He hath died from sin to save thee, Heed His gra-cious call to - day.
CHORUS.
Je-sus climbed the steeps of Cal-v'ry For thy sake—now hear Him say:
"Look to me and I will save thee—Lost one, look, there's life this way!"

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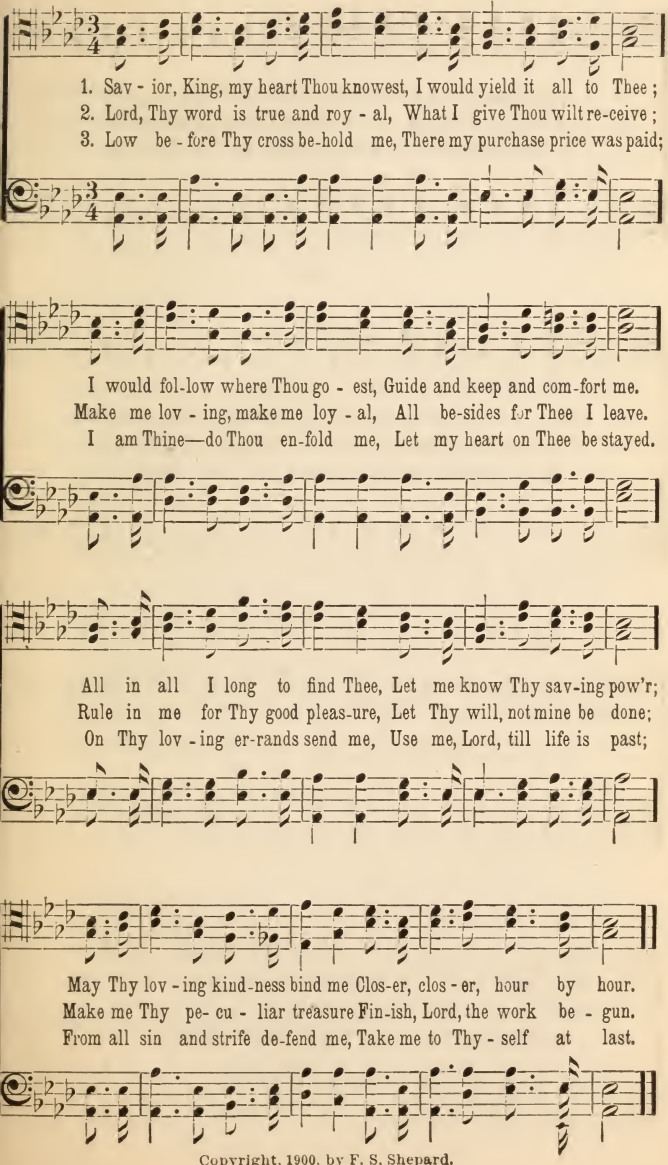
No. 74. My Heart Thou Knowest.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Sav - ior, King, my heart Thou knowest, I would yield it all to Thee ;
2. Lord, Thy word is true and roy - al, What I give Thou wilt re-ceive ;
3. Low be - fore Thy cross be-hold me, There my purchase price was paid;
I would fol-low where Thou go - est, Guide and keep and com-fort me.
Make me lov - ing, make me loy - al, All be-sides for Thee I leave.
I am Thine—do Thou en-fold me, Let my heart on Thee be stayed.
All in all I long to find Thee, Let me know Thy sav-ing pow'r;
Rule in me for Thy good pleas-ure, Let Thy will, not mine be done;
On Thy lov - ing er-rands send me, Use me, Lord, till life is past;
May Thy lov - ing kind-ness bind me Clos-er, clos - er, hour by hour.
Make me Thy pe- cu - liar treasure Fin-ish, Lord, the work be - gun.
From all sin and strife de-fend me, Take me to Thy - self at last.

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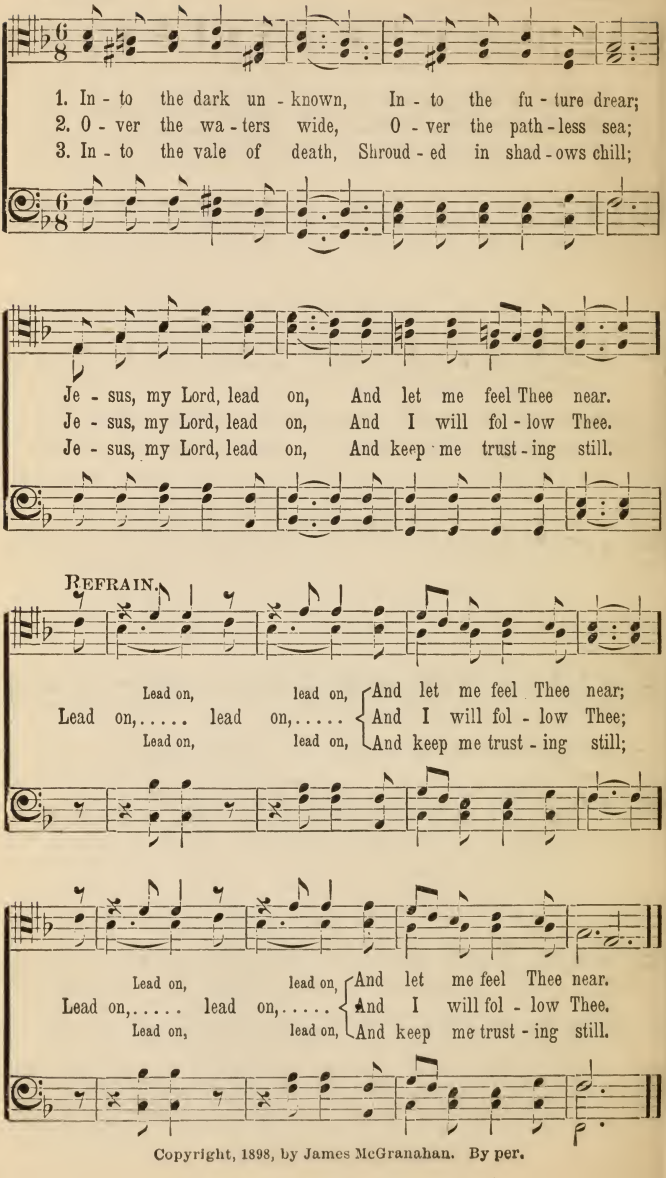
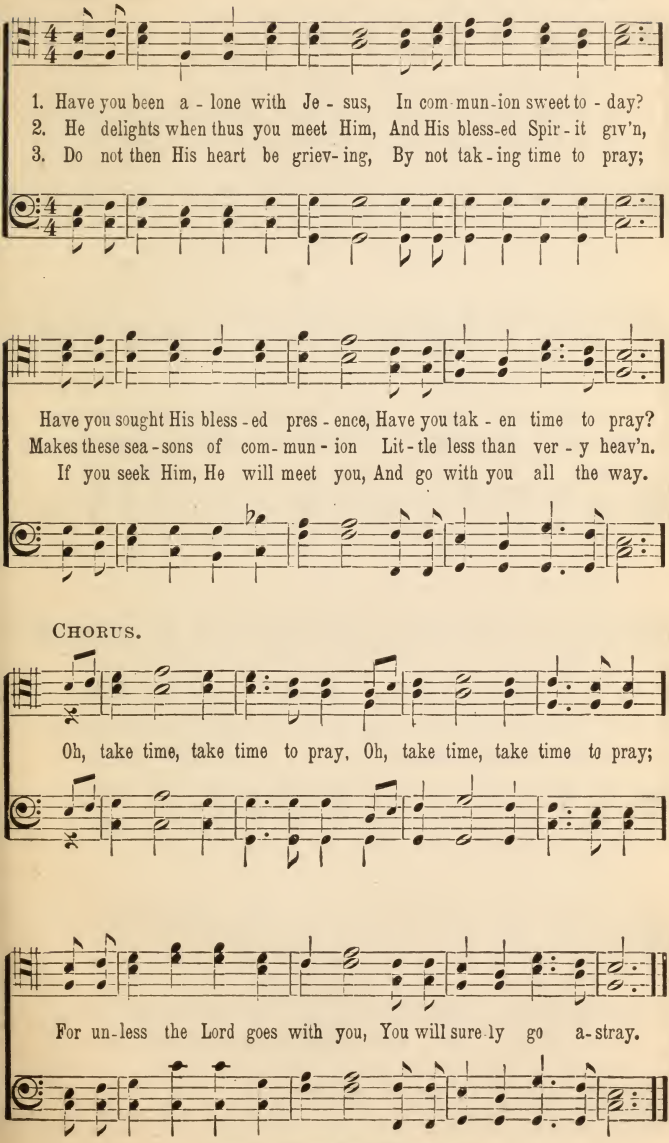
No. 75. Lead On.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. In - to the dark un - known, In - to the fu - ture drear;
2. O - ver the wa - ters wide, O - ver the path - less sea;
3. In - to the vale of death, Shroud - ed in shad - ows chill;
Je - sus, my Lord, lead on, And let me feel Thee near.
Je - sus, my Lord, lead on, And I will fol - low Thee.
Je - sus, my Lord, lead on, And keep me trust - ing still.
REFRAIN.
Lead on, lead on, lead on, lead on, And let me feel Thee near;
Lead on, lead on, lead on, lead on, And I will fol - low Thee;
Lead on, lead on, lead on, lead on, And keep me trust - ing still;
Lead on, lead on, lead on, lead on, And let me feel Thee near.
Lead on, lead on, lead on, lead on, And I will fol - low Thee.
Lead on, lead on, lead on, lead on, And keep me trust - ing still.

Copyright, 1898, by James McGranahan. By per.

No. 76. Take Time to Pray.

F. S. SHEPARD. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.


1. Have you been a - lone with Je - sus, In com-mun-ion sweet to - day?
2. He delights when thus you meet Him, And His bless-ed Spir - it giv'n,
3. Do not then His heart be griev- ing, By not tak - ing time to pray;
Have you sought His bless - ed pres - ence, Have you tak - en time to pray?
Makes these sea - sons of com- mun - ion Lit - tle less than ver - y heav'n.
If you seek Him, He will meet you, And go with you all the way.
CHORUS.
Oh, take time, take time to pray. Oh, take time, take time to pray;
For un - less the Lord goes with you, You will sure - ly go a - stray.

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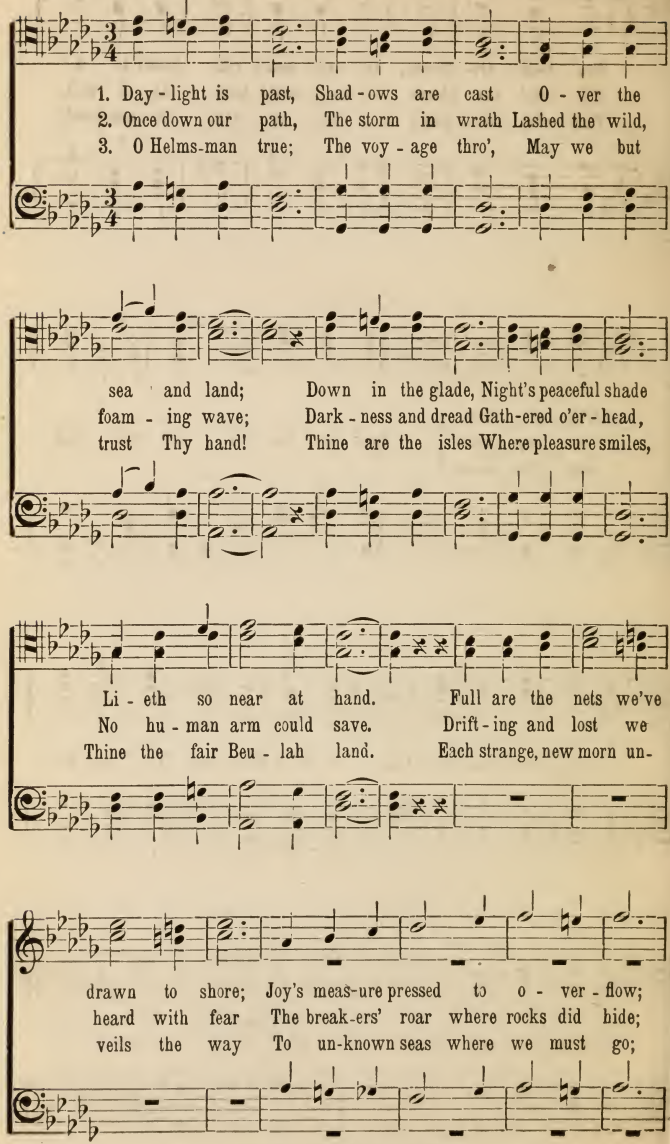
No. 77. Pilot of Galilee.

GRACE DUFFIE ROE. JAY ARTHUR FORD.


1. Day - light is past, Shad - ows are cast O - ver the
2. Once down our path, The storm in wrath Lashed the wild,
3. O Helms-man true; The voy - age thro', May we but
sea and land; Down in the glade, Night's peaceful shade
foam - ing wave; Dark - ness and dread Gath-ered o'er - head,
trust Thy hand! Thine are the isles Where pleasure smiles,
Li - eth so near at hand. Full are the nets we've
No hu - man arm could save. Drift - ing and lost we
Thine the fair Beu - lah land. Each strange, new morn un-
drawn to shore; Joy's meas-ure pressed to o - ver - flow;
heard with fear The break-ers' roar where rocks did hide;
veils the way To un-known seas where we must go;

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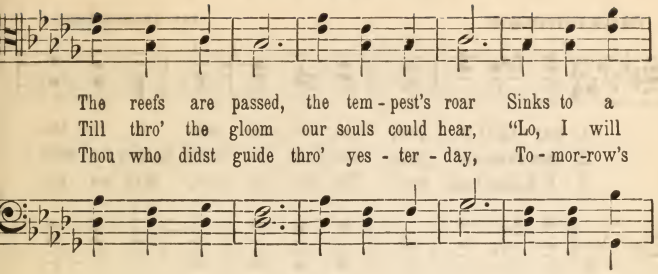
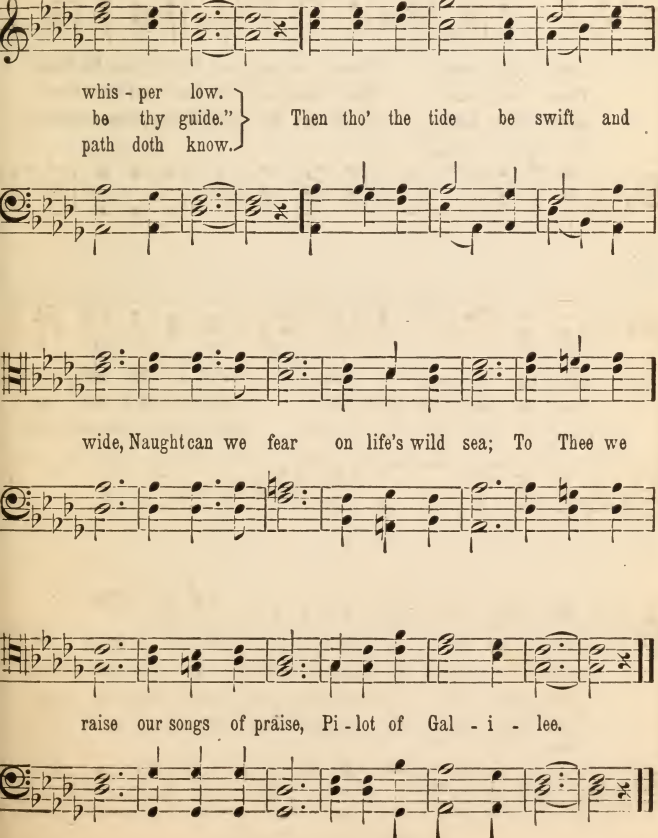
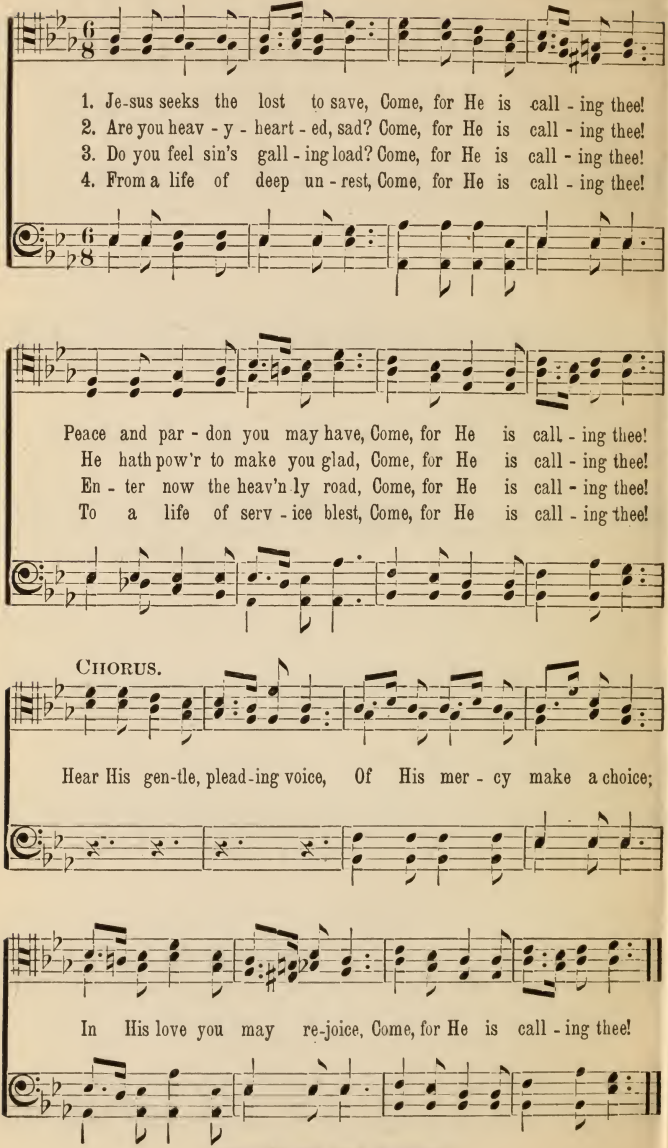

The reefs are passed, the tem - pest's roar Sinks to a
Till thro' the gloom our souls could hear, "Lo, I will
Thou who didst guide thro' yes - ter - day, To - mor-row's

CHORUS.

whis - per low.
be thy guide."
path doth know.
Then tho' the tide be swift and
wide, Naught can we fear on life's wild sea; To Thee we
raise our songs of praise, Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee.

No. 78. Come, For He Is Calling.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Je-sus seeks the lost to save, Come, for He is call - ing thee!
2. Are you heav - y - heart - ed, sad? Come, for He is call - ing thee!
3. Do you feel sin's gall - ing load? Come, for He is call - ing thee!
4. From a life of deep un - rest, Come, for He is call - ing thee!
Peace and par - don you may have, Come, for He is call - ing thee!
He hath pow'r to make you glad, Come, for He is call - ing thee!
En - ter now the heav'n - ly road, Come, for He is call - ing thee!
To a life of serv - ice blest, Come, for He is call - ing thee!
CHORUS.
Hear His gen-tle, plead-ing voice, Of His mer - cy make a choice;
In His love you may re-joice, Come, for He is call - ing thee!

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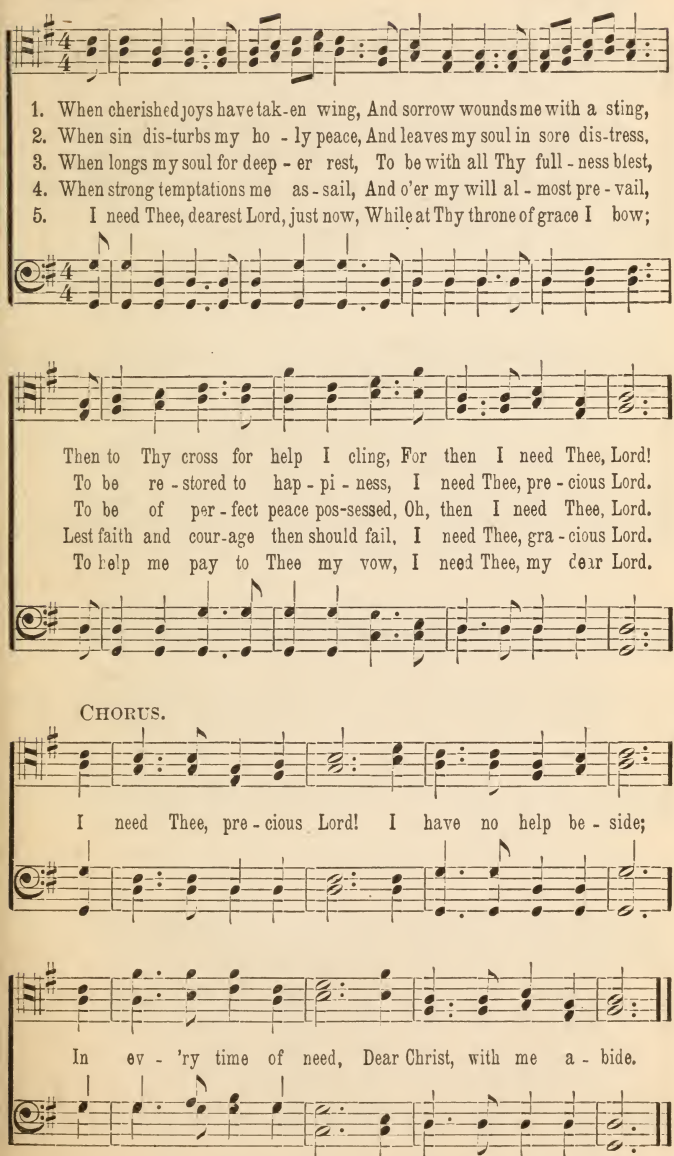
No. 79. I Need Thee, Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. When cherished joys have tak-en wing, And sorrow wounds me with a sting,
2. When sin dis-turbs my ho - ly peace, And leaves my soul in sore dis-tress,
3. When longs my soul for deep - er rest, To be with all Thy full - ness blest,
4. When strong temptations me as - sail, And o'er my will al - most pre - vail,
5. I need Thee, dearest Lord, just now, While at Thy throne of grace I bow;
Then to Thy cross for help I cling, For then I need Thee, Lord!
To be re - stored to hap - pi - ness, I need Thee, pre - cious Lord.
To be of per - fect peace pos-sessed, Oh, then I need Thee, Lord.
Lest faith and cour-age then should fail, I need Thee, gra - cious Lord.
To help me pay to Thee my vow, I need Thee, my dear Lord.
CHORUS.
I need Thee, pre - cious Lord! I have no help be - side;
In ev - 'ry time of need, Dear Christ, with me a - bide.

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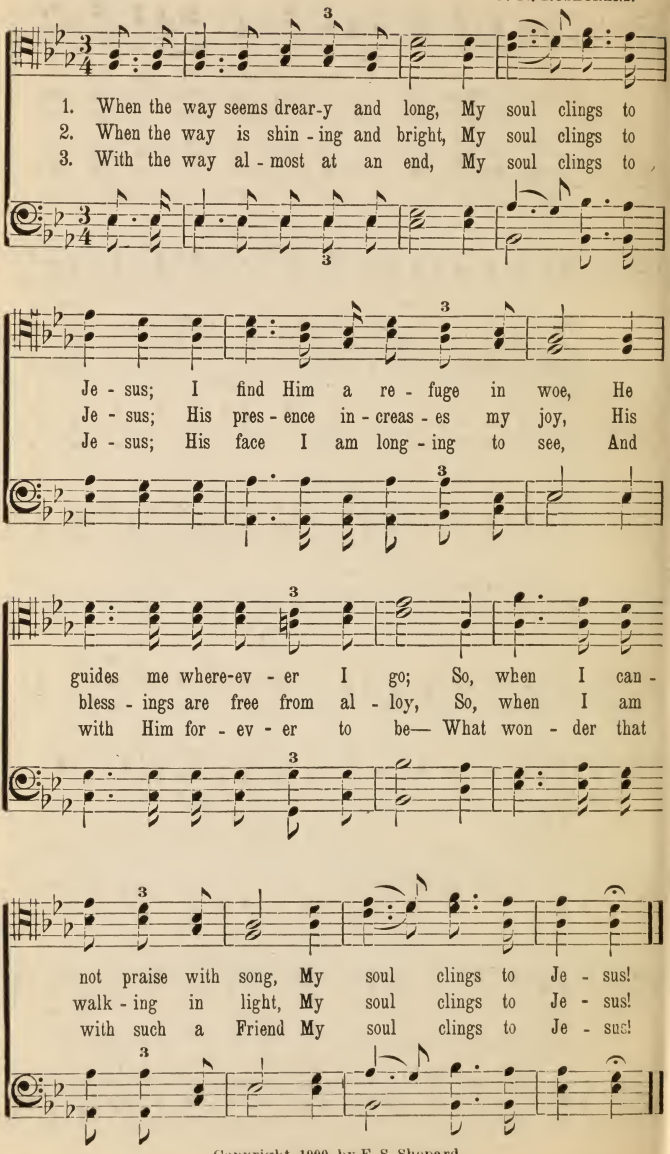
No. 80. My Soul Clings to Jesus.

F. S. SHEPARD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. When the way seems drear-y and long, My soul clings to
2. When the way is shin-ing and bright, My soul clings to
3. With the way al-most at an end, My soul clings to
Je-sus; I find Him a re-fuge in woe, He
Je-sus; His pres-ence in-creas-es my joy, His
Je-sus; His face I am long-ing to see, And
guides me where-ev-er I go; So, when I can-
bless-ings are free from al-loy, So, when I am
with Him for-ev-er to be— What won-der that
not praise with song, My soul clings to Je-sus!
walk-ing in light, My soul clings to Je-sus!
with such a Friend My soul clings to Je-sus!

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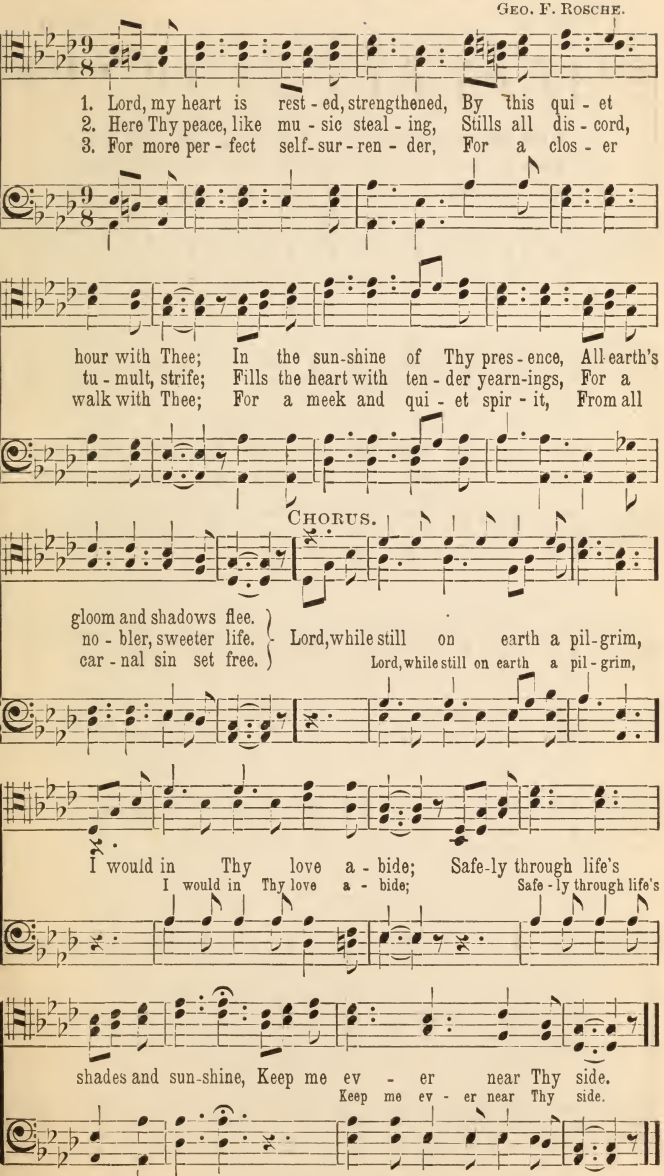
No. 81. Lord, My Heart is Rested.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Lord, my heart is rest - ed, strengthened, By this qui - et
2. Here Thy peace, like mu - sic steal - ing, Stills all dis - cord,
3. For more per - fect self-sur - ren - der, For a clos - er
hour with Thee; In the sun-shine of Thy pres - ence, All earth's
tu - mult, strife; Fills the heart with ten - der yearn-ings, For a
walk with Thee; For a meek and qui - et spir - it, From all
CHORUS.
gloom and shadows flee.
no - bler, sweeter life.
car - nal sin set free.
Lord, while still on earth a pil - grim,
Lord, while still on earth a pil - grim,
I would in Thy love a - bide; Safe-ly through life's
I would in Thy love a - bide; Safe - ly through life's
shades and sun-shine, Keep me ev - er near Thy side.
Keep me ev - er near Thy side.

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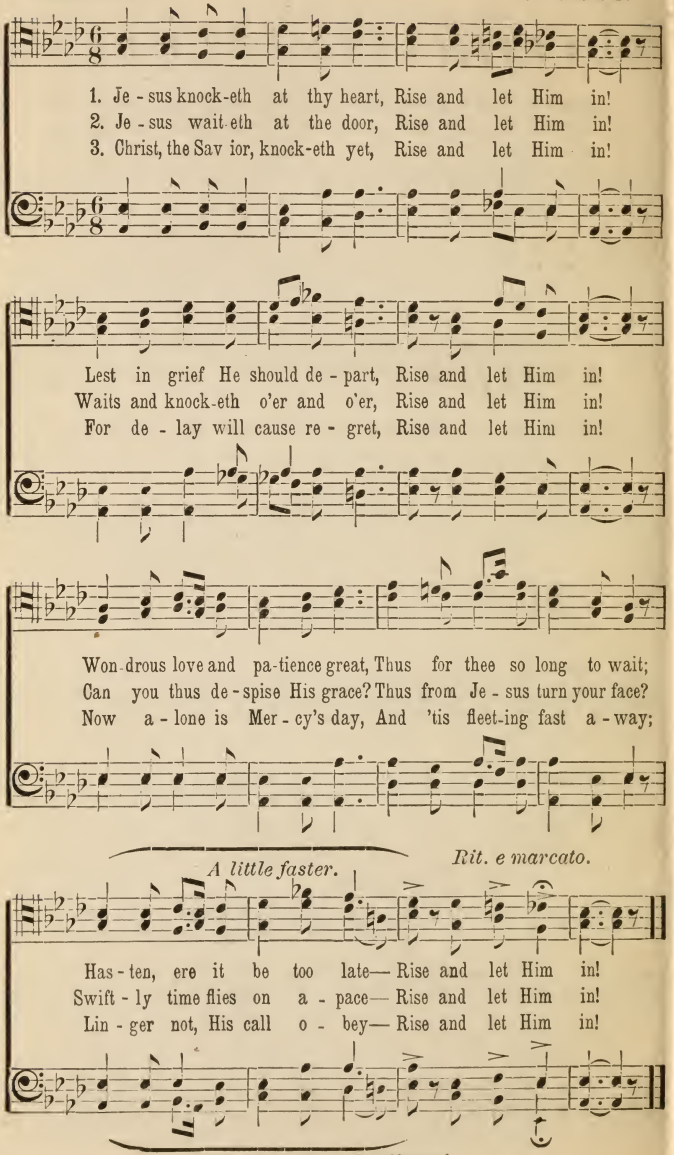
No. 82. Rise and Let Him In.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Je - sus knock-eth at thy heart, Rise and let Him in!
2. Je - sus wait-eth at the door, Rise and let Him in!
3. Christ, the Sav ior, knock-eth yet, Rise and let Him in!
Lest in grief He should de - part, Rise and let Him in!
Waits and knock-eth o'er and o'er, Rise and let Him in!
For de - lay will cause re - gret, Rise and let Him in!
Won-drous love and pa-tience great, Thus for thee so long to wait;
Can you thus de - spise His grace? Thus from Je - sus turn your face?
Now a - lone is Mer - cy's day, And 'tis fleet-ing fast a - way;
A little faster.
Rit. e marcato.
Has - ten, ere it be too late— Rise and let Him in!
Swift - ly time flies on a - pace— Rise and let Him in!
Lin - ger not, His call o - bey— Rise and let Him in!

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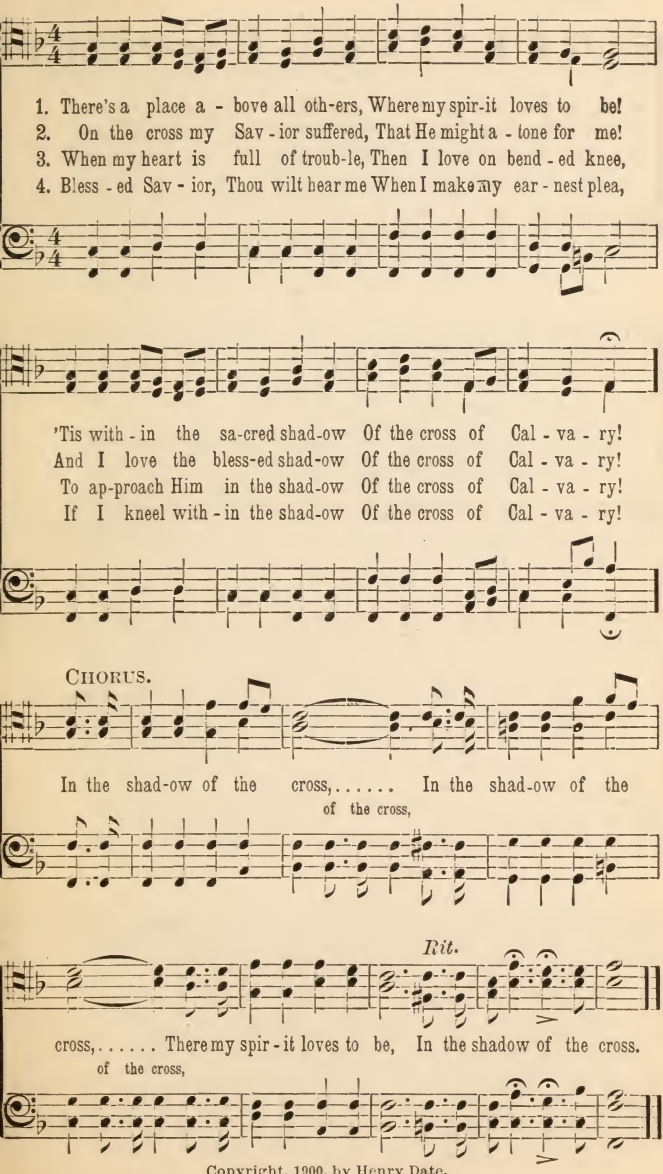
No. 83. In the Shadow of the Cross.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a place a - bove all oth-ers, Where my spir-it loves to be!
2. On the cross my Sav - ior suffered, That He might a - tone for me!
3. When my heart is full of troub-le, Then I love on bend - ed knee,
4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt hear me When I make my ear - nest plea,
'Tis with - in the sa-cred shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!
And I love the bless-ed shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!
To ap-proach Him in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!
If I kneel with - in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry!
CHORUS.
In the shad-ow of the cross,..... In the shad-ow of the
of the cross,
Rit.
cross,..... There my spir - it loves to be, In the shadow of the cross.
of the cross,

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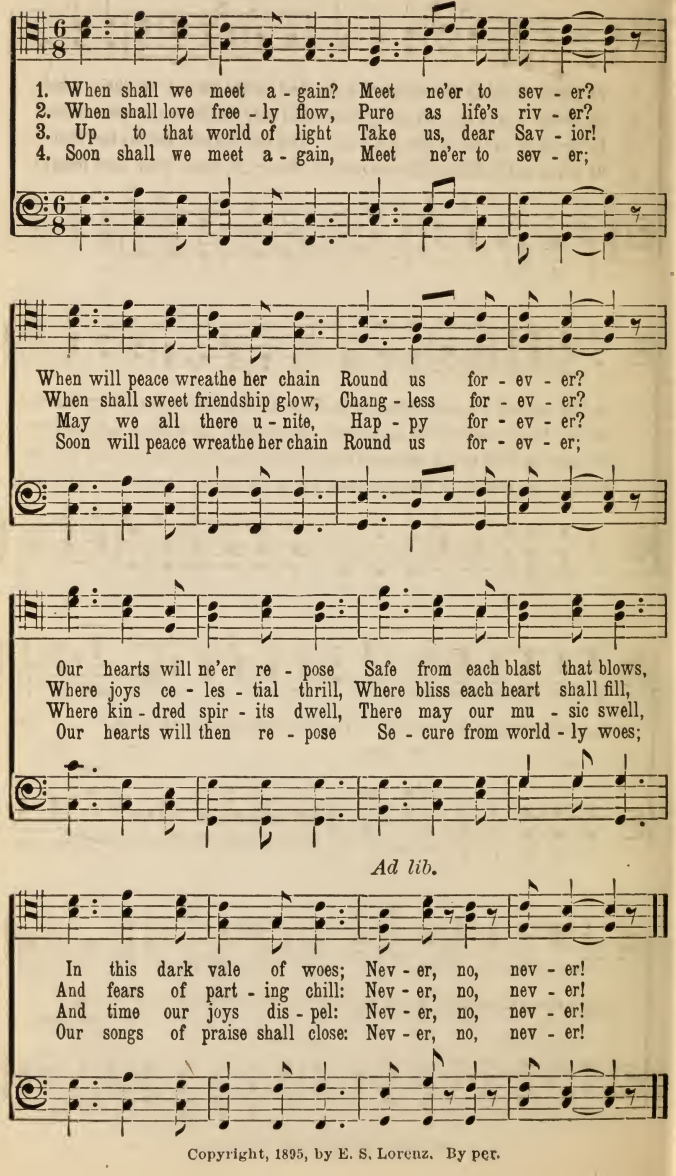
No. 84. When Shall We Meet Again?

J. H. TENNEY.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er?
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er?
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sav - ior!
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er;
When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er?
When shall sweet friendship glow, Chang - less for - ev - er?
May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er?
Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er;
Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe from each blast that blows,
Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill,
Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic swell,
Our hearts will then re - pose Se - cure from world - ly woes;
Ad lib.
In this dark vale of woes; Nev - er, no, nev - er!
And fears of part - ing chill: Nev - er, no, nev - er!
And time our joys dis - pel: Nev - er, no, nev - er!
Our songs of praise shall close: Nev - er, no, nev - er!

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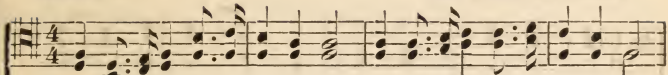
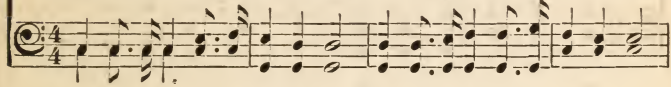
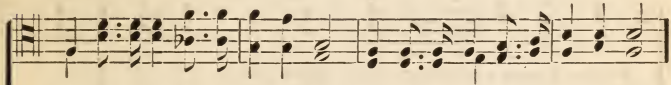
No. 85. Quit You Like Men.

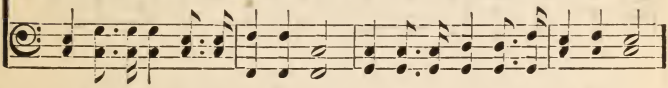
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



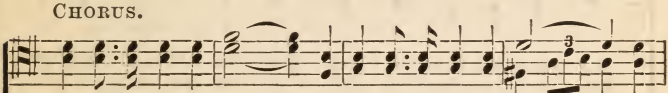
1. Be strong to toil in the vineyard wide, And in the service of Christ a-bide;
2. Be strong to take up your dai-ly cross, And bear for Christ any pain or loss,
3. Be strong to bat-tle a-gainst all sin, The foes without and the foes with-in;
4. Be brave and faithful, and courage take; Never, no, never your Lord forsake;



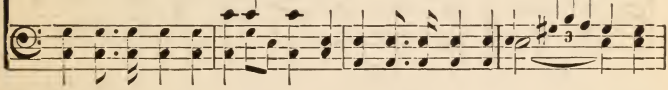
A rich reward you at last shall win, When all the sheaves shall be gathered in.
Un-til, the burdens of life laid down, Je-sus shall give you a fadeless crown.
Con-quer by faith in the cleansing blood, Conquer the world by the help of God.
Fight till the conflict on earth is done; Fight till the vic-t'ry thro' Christ is won.

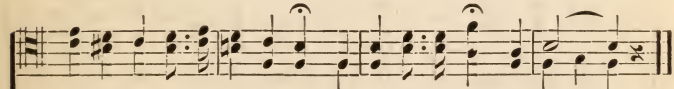


CHORUS.

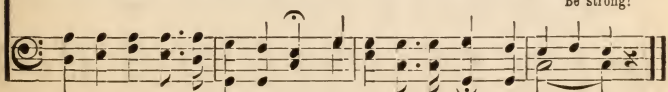


Quit you like men, be strong! The fight may be fierce and long, But
Be strong! ver - y long,





in God's strength we shall win at length; Then quit you like men, be strong!
Be strong!



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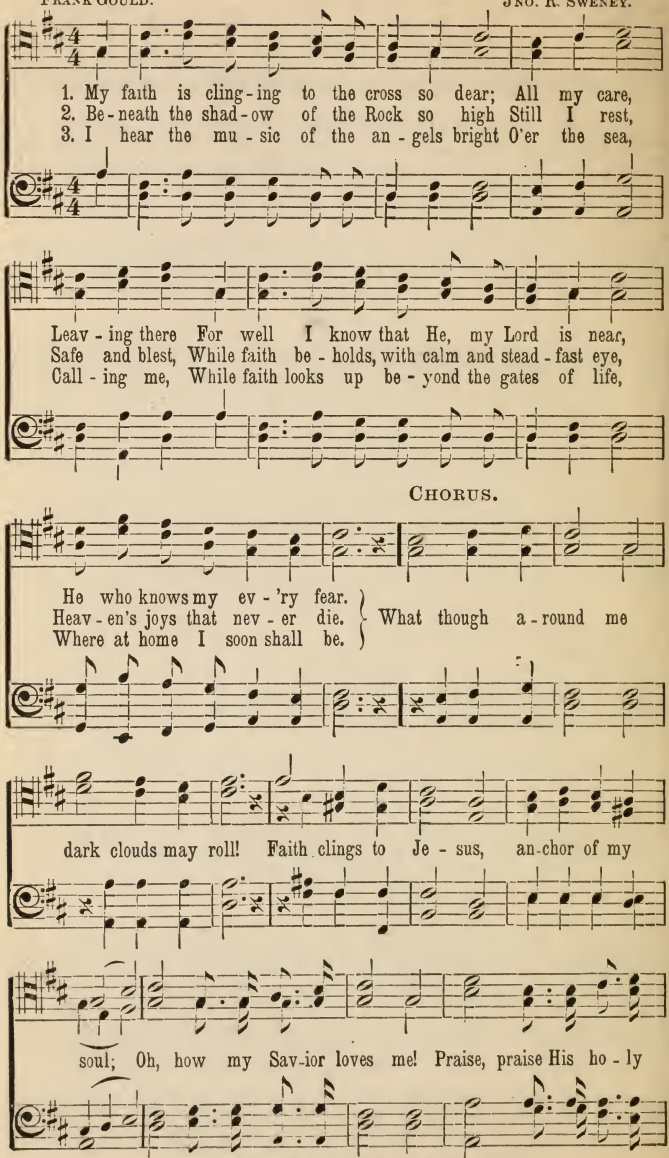
No. 86. My Faith Clings to Jesus.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. My faith is cling-ing to the cross so dear; All my care,
2. Be-neath the shad-ow of the Rock so high Still I rest,
3. I hear the mu-sic of the an-gels bright O'er the sea,
Leav-ing there For well I know that He, my Lord is near,
Safe and blest, While faith be-holds, with calm and stead-fast eye,
Call-ing me, While faith looks up be-yond the gates of life,
CHORUS.
He who knows my ev-'ry fear.
Heav-en's joys that nev-er die.
Where at home I soon shall be.
What though a-round me
dark clouds may roll! Faith clings to Je-sus, an-chor of my
soul; Oh, how my Sav-ior loves me! Praise, praise His ho-ly

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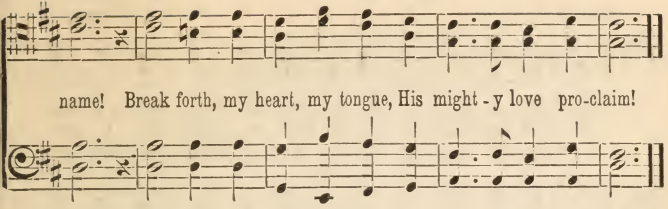
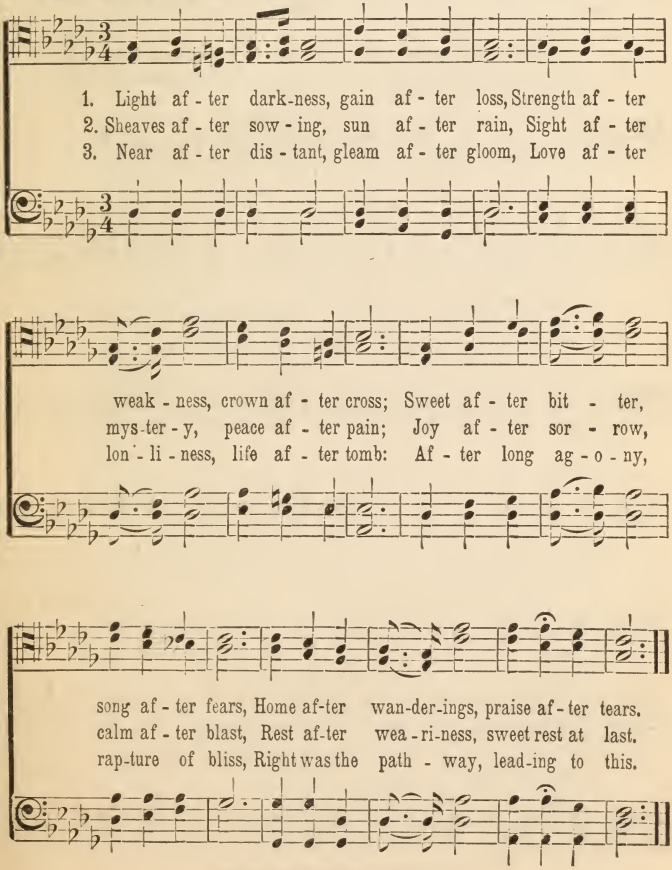


No. 87. Light After Darkness.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. FR. SCHAEFER.


1. Light af - ter dark-ness, gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter
weak - ness, crown af - ter cross; Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
mys-ter - y, peace af - ter pain; Joy af - ter sor - row,
lon - li - ness, life af - ter tomb: Af - ter long ag - o - ny,
song af - ter fears, Home af-ter wan-der-ings, praise af - ter tears.
calm af - ter blast, Rest af-ter wea - ri-ness, sweet rest at last.
rap-ture of bliss, Right was the path - way, lead-ing to this.

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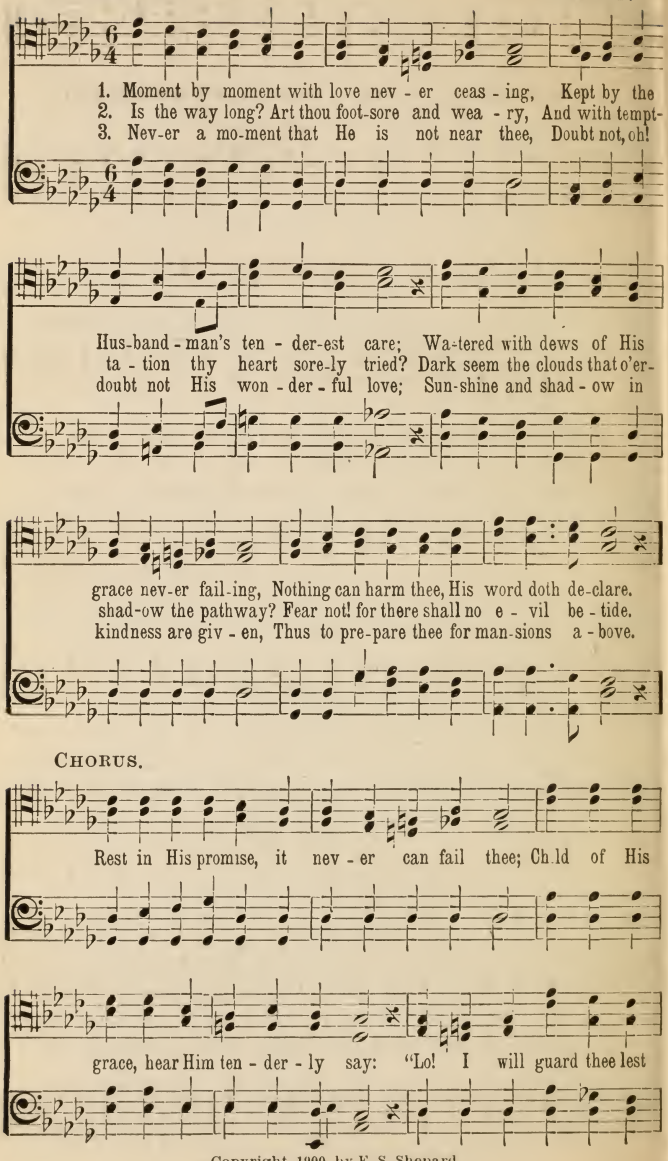
No. 88. God's Loving Care.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD. F. S. SHEPARD.


1. Moment by moment with love nev - er ceas - ing, Kept by the
2. Is the way long? Art thou foot-sore and wea - ry, And with tempt-
3. Nev-er a mo-ment that He is not near thee, Doubt not, oh!
Hus-band - man's ten - der-est care; Wa-tered with dews of His
ta - tion thy heart sore-ly tried? Dark seem the clouds that o'er-
doubt not His won - der - ful love; Sun-shine and shad - ow in
grace nev-er fail-ing, Nothing can harm thee, His word doth de-clare.
shad-ow the pathway? Fear not! for there shall no e - vil be - tide.
kindness are giv - en, Thus to pre-pare thee for man-sions a - bove.
CHORUS.
Rest in His promise, it nev - er can fail thee; Ch.ld of His
grace, hear Him ten - der - ly say: "Lo! I will guard thee lest

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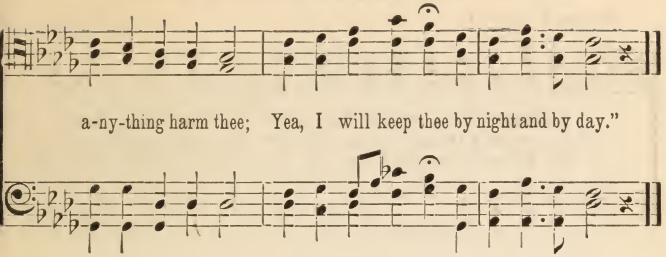
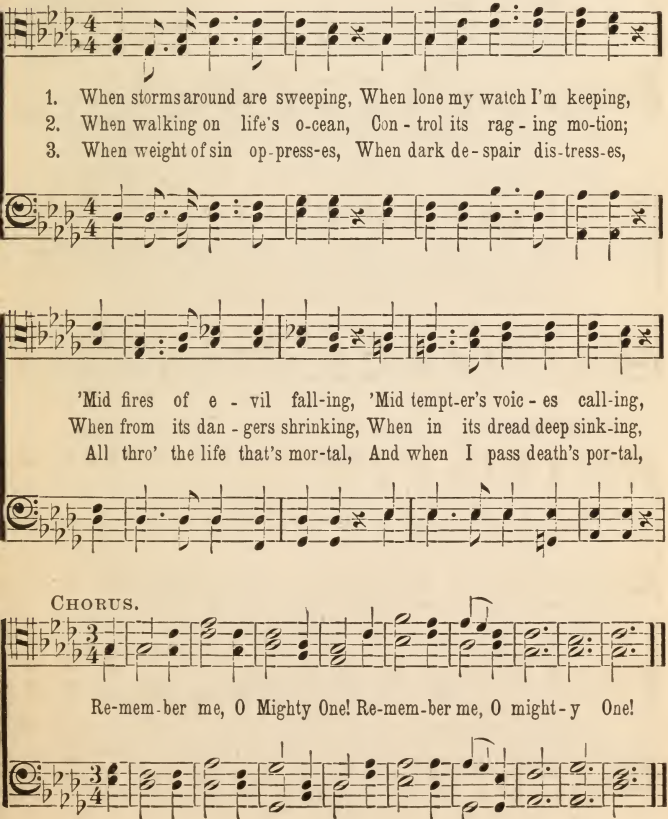


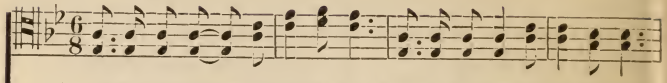
No. 89. Remember Me.

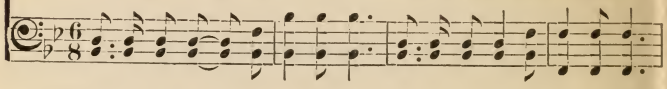
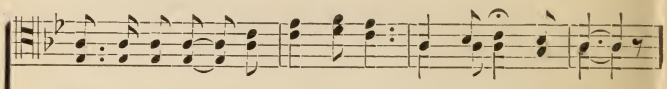
ANON. JOANNA KINKEL.

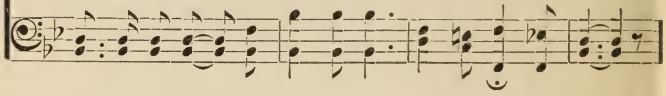

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walking on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,
'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempt-er's voic-es call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrinking, When in its dread deep sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,
CHORUS.
Re-mem-ber me, O Mighty One! Re-mem-ber me, O might-y One!

No. 90. What Then?

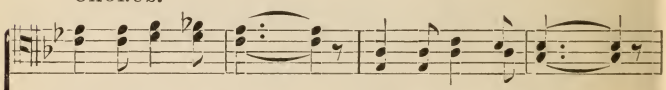
E. A. Hoffman. W. S. Nickle.



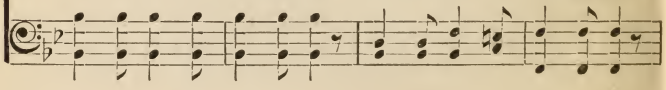
1. Af-ter the pleasures of life are o'er, And you shall stand face to the shore
2. Af-ter the puls-es shall cease to beat, When at the throne the Lord you meet,
3. Af-ter the heart is hush'd and still, Af-ter the death dews, damp and chill,
4. Af-ter the trum-pets aw-ful blast, Af-ter the judg-ment shall be past,

Of the dim land of the ev - er-more— Care-less soul, what then?
Wait-ing your doom at the judg-ment seat,—Care-less soul, what then?
O'er your frame of mor-tal - li - ty thrill,—Care-less soul, what then?
When you have come to your doom at last,—Poor, lost soul, what then?

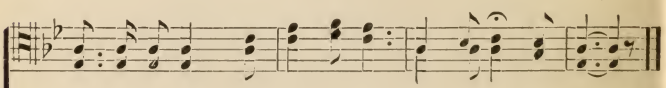


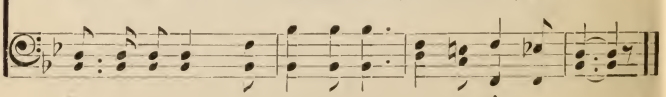
Chorus.



Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
what then? What then?





Af - ter a life of sin and shame, Poor, lost soul, what then?

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Titles in small caps; First lines in Roman.

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